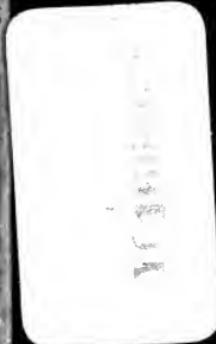


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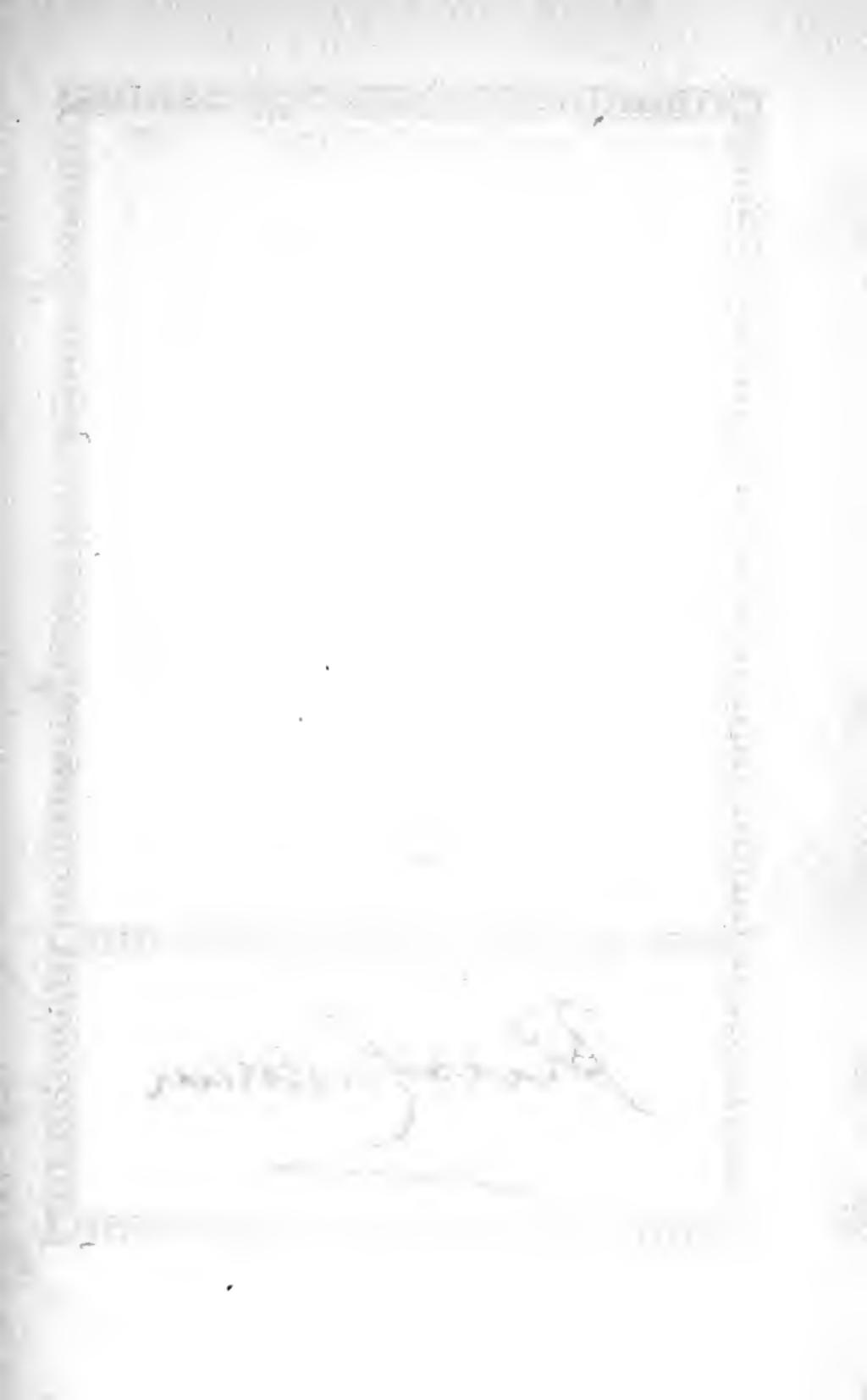
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LOW TIDE ON GRAND PRÉ

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BALLADS OF LOST HAVEN

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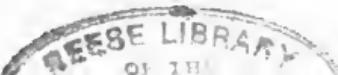
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Low Tide on Grand Pré  
and  
Ballads of Lost Haven  
By Bliss Carman

*Two Volumes in One*



Boston  
Small Maynard  
& Company  
1905



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## PREFATORY NOTE TO THE FIRST EDITION OF LOW TIDE ON GRAND PRÉ

*The poems in this volume have been collected with reference to their similarity of tone. They are variations on a single theme, more or less aptly suggested by the title, LOW TIDE ON GRAND PRÉ. It seemed better to bring together between the same covers only those pieces of work which happened to be in the same key, rather than to publish a larger book of more uncertain aim.*

B. C.

*By Grand Pré,  
September, 1893.*

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## PUBLISHERS' NOTE

*In reprinting the present edition of LOW TIDE ON GRAND PRÈ, the text of the first edition is reproduced without alteration, except for a line in "The Eavesdropper" and the addition of "Marian Drury," "Golden Rowan," and "A Sea Drift," all of these changes having been made by the author in the second edition of the book which was published in 1894.*

*The original edition of BALLADS OF LOST HAVEN having gone out of print, the publishers have obtained Mr. Carman's permission to reprint it at the end of this volume in its original sequence and text, believing that this is no real violation of his desire to group together those pieces of his work "which happen to be in the same key," and that the consequent gain to his readers will be an appreciable one.*

*S. M. & Co.*

*Boston, August, 1905.*



Low Tide on Grand Pré  
*A Book of Lyrics*



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## LOW TIDE ON GRAND PRÉ

THE sun goes down, and over all  
These barren reaches by the tide  
Such unelusive glories fall,  
I almost dream they yet will bide  
Until the coming of the tide.

And yet I know that not for us,  
By any ecstasy of dream,  
He lingers to keep luminous  
A little while the grievous stream,  
Which frets, uncomforted of dream—

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

A grievous stream, that to and fro  
A through the fields of Acadie  
Goes wandering, as if to know  
Why one beloved face should be  
So long from home and Acadie.

Was it a year or lives ago  
We took the grasses in our hands,  
And caught the summer flying low  
Over the waving meadow lands,  
And held it there between our hands ?

The while the river at our feet—  
A drowsy inland meadow stream—  
At set of sun the after-heat  
Made running gold, and in the gleam  
We freed our birch upon the stream.

## *Low Tide on Grand Pre*

There down along the elms at dusk  
We lifted dripping blade to drift,  
Through twilight scented fine like musk,  
Where night and gloom awhile uplift,  
Nor sunder soul and soul adrift.

And that we took into our hands  
Spirit of life or subtler thing—  
Breathed on us there, and loosed the bands  
Of death, and taught us, whispering,  
The secret of some wonder-thing.

Then all your face grew light, and seemed  
To hold the shadow of the sun;  
The evening faltered, and I deemed  
That time was ripe, and years had done  
Their wheeling underneath the sun.

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

So all desire and all regret,  
And fear and memory, were naught;  
One to remember or forget  
The keen delight our hands had caught;  
Morrow and yesterday were naught.

The night has fallen, and the tide . . . .  
Now and again comes drifting home,  
Across these aching barrens wide,  
A sigh like driven wind or foam:  
In grief the flood is bursting home.

## WHY

FOR a name unknown,  
Whose fame unblown  
Sleeps in the hills  
For ever and aye;

For her who hears  
The stir of the years  
Go by on the wind  
By night and day;

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

And heeds no thing  
Of the needs of spring,  
Of autumn's wonder,  
Or winter's chill;

For one who sees  
The great sun freeze,  
As he wanders a-cold  
From hill to hill;

And all her heart  
Is a woven part  
Of the flurry and drift  
Of whirling snow;

## *Why*

For the sake of two  
Sad eyes and true,  
And the old, old love  
So long ago.

## THE UNRETURNING

THE old eternal spring once more  
Comes back the sad eternal way,  
With tender rosy light before  
The going-out of day.

The great white moon across my door  
A shadow in the twilight stirs;  
But now forever comes no more  
That wondrous look of Hers.

## MARIAN DRURY

MARIAN DRURY, Marian Drury,  
How are the marshes full of the sea !  
Acadie dreams of your coming home  
All year through, and her heart gets free, —

Free on the trail of the wind to travel,  
Search and course with the roving tide,  
All year long where his hands unravel  
Blossom and berry the marshes hide.

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

Marian Drury, Marian Drury,  
How are the marshes full of the surge !  
April over the Norland now  
Walks in the quiet from verge to verge.

Burying, brimming, the building billows  
Fret the long dikes with uneasy foam.  
Drenched with gold weather, the idling willows  
Kiss you a hand from the Norland home.

Marian Drury, Marian Drury,  
How are the marshes full of the sun !  
Blomidon waits for your coming home,  
All day long where the white wings run.

*Marian Drury*

All spring through they falter and follow,  
Wander, and beckon the roving tide,  
Wheel and float with the veering swallow,  
Lift you a voice from the blue hillside.

Marian Drury, Marian Drury,  
How are the marshes full of the rain !  
April over the Norland now  
Bugles for rapture, and rouses pain,—

Halts before the forsaken dwelling,  
Where in the twilight, too spent to roam,  
Love, whom the fingers of death are quelling,  
Cries you a cheer from the Norland home.

## *Low Tide on Grand Pré*

Marian Drury, Marian Drury,  
How are the marshes filled with you !  
Grand Pré dreams of your coming home, --  
Dreams while the rainbirds all night through,  
  
Far in the uplands calling to win you,  
Tease the brown dusk on the marshes wide ;  
And never the burning heart within you  
Stirs in your sleep by the roving tide.

## A WINDFLOWER

BETWEEN the roadside and the wood,  
Between the dawning and the dew,  
A tiny flower before the sun,  
Ephemeral in time, I grew.

And there upon the trail of spring,  
Not death nor love nor any name  
Known among men in all their lands  
Could blur the wild desire with shame.

## *Low Tide on Grand Pré*

But down my dayspan of the year  
The feet of straying winds came by;  
And all my trembling soul was thrilled  
To follow one lost mountain cry.

And then my heart beat once and broke  
To hear the sweeping rain forebode  
Some ruin in the April world,  
Between the woodside and the road.

To-night can bring no healing now;  
The calm of yesternight is gone;  
Surely the wind is but the wind,  
And I a broken waif thereon.

## IN LYRIC SEASON

THE lyric April time is forth  
With lyric mornings, frost and sun;  
From leaguers vast of night undone  
Auroral mild new stars are born.

And ever at the year's return,  
Along the valleys gray with rime,  
Thou leadest as of old, where time  
Can naught but follow to thy sway.

## *Low Tide on Grand Pre*

The trail is far through leagues of spring,  
And long the quest to the white core  
Of harvest quiet, yet once more  
I gird me to the old unrest.

I know I shall not ever meet  
Thy still regard across the year,  
And yet I know thou wilt draw near,  
When the last hour of pain and loss

Drifts out to slumber, and the deeps  
Of nightfall feel God's hand unbar  
His lyric April, star by star,  
And the lost twilight land reveal.

## THE PENSIONERS

WE are the pensioners of Spring,  
And take the largess of her hand  
When vassal warder winds unbar  
The wintry portals of her land;

The lonely shadow-girdled winds,  
Her seraph almoners, who keep  
This little life in flesh and bone  
With meagre portions of white sleep.

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

Then all year through with starveling care  
We go on some fool's idle quest,  
And eat her bread and wine in thrall  
To a fool's shame with blind unrest.

Until her April train goes by,  
And then because we are the kin  
Of every hill flower on the hill  
We must arise and walk therein.

Because her heart as our own heart,  
Knowing the same wild upward stir,  
Beats joyward by eternal laws,  
We must arise and go with her;

### *The Pensioners*

Forget we are not where old joys  
Return when dawns and dreams retire;  
Make grief a phantom of regret,  
And fate the henchman of desire;

Divorce unreason from delight;  
Learn how despair is uncontrol,  
Failure the shadow of remorse,  
And death a shudder of the soul.

Yea, must we triumph when she leads.  
A little rain before the sun,  
A breath of wind on the road's dust,  
The sound of trammeled brooks undone,

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

Along red glinting willow stems  
The year's white prime, on bank and stream  
The haunting cadence of no song  
And vivid wanderings of dream,

A range of low blue hills, the far  
First whitethroat's ecstasy unfurled:  
And we are overlords of change,  
In the glad morning of the world,

Though we should fare as they whose life  
Time takes within his hands to wring  
Between the winter and the sea,  
The weary pensioners of Spring.

## AT THE VOICE OF A BIRD

*Consurgent ad vocem volucris.*

CALL to me, thrush,  
When night grows dim,  
When dreams unform  
And death is far!

When hoar dews flush  
On dawn's rathe brim,  
Wake me to hear  
Thy wildwood charm,

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

As a lone rush  
Astir in the slim  
White stream where sheer  
Blue mornings are.

Stir the keen hush  
On twilight's rim  
When my own star  
Is white and clear.

Fly low to brush  
Mine eyelids grim,  
Where sleep and storm  
Will set their bar;

*At the Voice of a Bird*

For God shall crush  
Spring balm for him,  
Stark on his bier  
Past fault or harm,

Who once, as flush  
Of day might skim  
The dusk, afar  
In sleep shall hear

Thy song's cool rush  
With joy rebrim  
The world, and calm  
The deep with cheer.

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

Then, Heartsease, hush !  
If sense grow dim,  
Desire shall steer  
Us home from far.

## WHEN THE GUELDER ROSES BLOOM

WHEN the Guelder roses bloom,  
Love, the vagrant, wanders home.

Love, that died so long ago,  
As we deemed, in dark and snow,

Comes back to the door again,  
Guendolen, Guendolen.

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

In his hands a few bright flowers,  
Gathered in the earlier hours,

Speedwell-blue, and poppy-red,  
Withered in the sun and dead,

With a history to each,  
Are more eloquent than speech.

In his eyes the welling tears  
Plead against the lapse of years.

*When the Guelder Roses Bloom*

And that mouth we knew so well,  
Hath a pilgrim's tale to tell.

Hear his litany again :  
“ Guendolen, Guendolen ! ”

“ No, love, no, thou art a ghost !  
Love long since in night was lost.

“ Thou art but the shade of him,  
For thine eves are sad and dim.”



*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

“Nay, but they will shine once more,  
Glad and brighter than before,

“If thou bring me but again  
To my mother Guendolen !

“These dark flowers are for thee,  
Gathered by the lonely sea.

“And these singing shells for her  
Who first called me wanderer,

*When the Guelder Roses Bloom*

“In whose beauty glad I grew,  
When this weary life was new.”

Hear him raving ! “It is I.  
Love once born can never die.”

“Thou, poor love, thou art gone mad  
With the hardships thou hast had.

“True, it is the spring of year,  
But thy mother is not here.

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

“True, the Guelder roses bloom  
As long since about this room,

“Where thy blessed self was born  
In the early golden morn,

“But the years are dead, good lack !  
Ah, love, why hast thou come back,

“Pleading at the door again,  
‘Guendolen, Guendolen’?”

*When the Guelder Roses Bloom*

When the Guelder roses bloom,  
And the vernal stars resume

Their old purple sweep and range,  
I can hear a whisper strange

As the wind gone daft again,  
“Guendolen, Guendolen !”

“When the Guelder roses blow,  
Love that died so long ago,

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

“Why wilt thou return so oft,  
With that whisper sad and soft

“On thy pleading lips again,  
‘Guendolen, Guendolen’ !”

Still the Guelder roses bloom,  
And the sunlight fills the room,

Where love’s shadow at the door  
Falls upon the dusty floor.

*When the Guelder Roses Bloom*

And his eyes are sad and grave  
With the tenderness they crave,

Seeing in the broken rhyme  
The significance of time,

Wondrous eyes that know not sin  
From his brother death, wherein

I can see thy look again,  
Guendolen, Guendolen.

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

And love with no more to say,  
In this lovely world to-day

Where the Guelder roses bloom,  
Than the record on a tomb,

Only moves his lips again,  
“Guendolen, Guendolen !”

Then he passes up the road  
From this dwelling, where he bode

*When the Guelder Roses Bloom*

In the by-gone years. And still,  
As he mounts the sunset hill

Where the Guelder roses blow  
With their drifts of summer snow,

I can hear him, like one dazed  
At a phantom he has raised,

Murmur o'er and o'er again,  
“Guendolen, Guendolen !”

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

And thus every year, I know,  
When the Guelder roses blow,

Love will wander by my door,  
Till the spring returns no more ;

Till no more I can withstand,  
But must rise and take his hand

Through the countries of the night,  
Where he walks by his own sight,

*When the Guelder Roses Bloom*

To the mountains of a dawn  
That has never yet come on,

Out of this fair land of doom  
Where the Guelder roses bloom,

Till I come to thee again,  
Guendolen, Guendolen.

## SEVEN THINGS

THE fields of earth are sown  
From the hand of the striding rain,  
And kernels of joy are strewn  
Abroad for the harrow of pain.

### I.

The first song-sparrow brown  
That wakes the earliest spring,  
When time and fear sink down,  
And death is a fabled thing.

## *Seven Things*

### II.

The stealing of that first dawn  
Over the rosy brow,  
When thy soul said, "World, fare on,  
For Heaven is here and now!"

### III.

The crimson shield of the sun  
On the wall of this House of Doom,  
With the garb of war undone  
At last in the narrow room.

### IV.

A heart that abides to the end,  
As the hills for sureness and peace,  
And is neither weary to wend  
Nor reluctant at last of release.

## *Low Tide on Grand Pre*

### VI.

Thy mother's cradle croon  
To haunt thee over the deep,  
Out of the land of Boon  
Into the land of Sleep.

### VI.

The sound of the sea in storm,  
Hearing its captain cry,  
When the wild, white riders form,  
And the Ride to the Dark draws nigh.

### VII.

But last and best, the urge  
Of the great world's desire,  
Whose being from core to verge  
Only attains to aspire.

## A SEA CHILD

THE lover of child Marjory  
Had one white hour of life brim full;  
Now the old nurse, the rocking sea,  
Hath him to lull.

The daughter of child Marjory  
Hath in her veins, to beat and run,  
The glad indomitable sea,  
The strong white sun.

## PULVIS ET UMBRA

THERE is dust upon my fingers,  
    Pale gray dust of beaten wings,  
Where a great moth came and settled  
    From the night's blown winnowings.

Harvest with her low red planets  
    Wheeling over Arrochar ;  
And the lonely hopeless calling  
    Of the bell-buoy on the bar,

*Pulvis et Umbra*

Where the sea with her old secret  
Moves in sleep and cannot rest.  
From that dark beyond my doorway,  
Silent the unbidden guest

Came and tarried, fearless, gentle,  
Vagrant of the starlit gloom,  
One frail waif of beauty fronting  
Immortality and doom ;

Through the chambers of the twilight  
Roaming from the vast outland,  
Resting for a thousand heart-beats  
In the hollow of my hand.

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

“ Did the volley of a thrush-song  
Lodge among some leaves and dew  
Hillward, then across the gloaming  
This dark mottled thing was you ?

“ Or is my mute guest whose coming  
So unheralded befell  
From the border wilds of dreamland,  
Only whimsy Ariel,

“ Gleaning with the wind, in furrows  
Lonelier than dawn to reap,  
Dust and shadow and forgetting,  
Frost and reverie and sleep ?

*Pulvis et Umbra*

“ In the hush when Cleopatra  
Felt the darkness reel and cease,  
Was thy soul a wan blue lotus  
Laid upon her lips for peace ?

“ And through all the years that wayward  
Passion in one mortal breath,  
Making thee a thing of silence,  
Made thee as the lords of death ?

“ Or did goblin men contrive thee  
In the forges of the hills  
Out of thistle-drift and sundown  
Lost amid their tawny rills,

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

“ Every atom on their anvil  
    Beaten fine and bolted home,  
Every quiver wrought to cadence  
    From the rapture of a gnome ?

“ Then the lonely mountain wood-wind,  
    Straying up from dale to dale,  
Gave thee spirit, free forever,  
    Thou immortal and so frail !

“ Surely thou art not that sun-bright  
    Psyche, hoar with age, and hurled  
On the northern shore of Lethe,  
    To this wan Auroral world !

*Pulvis et Umbra*

“ Ghost of Psyche, uncompanioned,  
Are the yester-years all done ?  
Have the oars of Charon ferried  
All thy playmates from the sun ?

“ In thy wings the beat and breathing  
Of the wind of life abides,  
And the night whose sea-gray cohorts  
Swing the stars up with the tides.

“ Did they once make sail and wander  
Through the trembling harvest sky,  
Where the silent Northern streamers  
Change and rest not till they die ?

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

“ Or from clouds that tent and people  
    The blue firmamental waste,  
Did they learn the noiseless secret  
    Of eternity’s unhaste ?

“ Where learned they to rove and loiter,  
    By the margin of what sea ?  
Was it with outworn Demeter,  
    Searching for Persephone ?

“ Or did that girl-queen behold thee  
    In the fields of moveless air ?  
Did these wings which break no whisper  
    Brush the poppies in her hair ?

*Pulvis et Umbra*

“ Is it thence they wear the pulvil—  
    Ash of ruined days and sleep,  
And the two great orbs of splendid  
    Melting sable deep on deep !

“ Pilot of the shadow people,  
    Steering whither by what star  
Hast thou come to hapless port here,  
    Thou gray ghost of Arrochar ?”

For man walks the world with mourning  
    Down to death, and leaves no trace,  
With the dust upon his forehead,  
    And the shadow in his face.

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

Pillared dust and fleeing shadow  
As the roadside wind goes by,  
And the fourscore years that vanish  
In the twinkling of an eye.

Beauty, the fine frosty trace-work  
Of some breath upon the pane ;  
Spirit, the keen wintry moonlight  
Flashed thereon to fade again.

Beauty, the white clouds a-building  
When God said and it was done ;  
Spirit, the sheer brooding rapture  
Where no mid-day brooks no sun.

*Pulvis et Umbra*

So. And here, the open casement  
Where my fellow-mate goes free ;  
Eastward, the untrodden star-road  
And the long wind on the sea.

What's to hinder but I follow  
This my gypsy guide afar,  
When the bugle rouses slumber  
Sounding taps on Arrochar ?

“ Where, my brother, wends the by-way,  
To what bourne beneath what sun,  
Thou and I are set to travel  
Till the shifting dream be done ?

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

“Comrade of the dusk, forever  
I pursue the endless way  
Of the dust and shadow kindred,  
Thou art perfect for a day.

“Yet from beauty marred and broken,  
Joy and memory and tears,  
I shall crush the clearer honey  
In the harvest of the years.

“Thou art faultless as a flower  
Wrought of sun and wind and snow,  
I survive the fault and failure.  
The wise Fates will have it so.

*Pulvis et Umbra*

“ For man walks the world in twilight,  
    But the morn shall wipe all trace  
Of the dust from off his forehead,  
    And the shadow from his face.

“ Cheer thee on, my tidings-bearer !  
    All the valor of the North  
Mounts as soul from flesh escaping  
    Through the night, and bids thee forth.

“ Go, and when thou hast discovered  
    Her whose dark eyes match thy wings,  
Bid that lyric heart beat lighter  
    For the joy thy beauty brings.”

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

Then I leaned far out and lifted  
    My light guest up, and bade speed  
On the trail where no one tarries  
    That wayfarer few will heed.

Pale gray dust upon my fingers ;  
    And from this my cabined room  
The white soul of eager message  
    Racing seaward in the gloom.

Far off shore, the sweet low calling  
    Of the bell-buoy on the bar,  
Warning night of dawn and ruin  
    Lonely on Arrochar.

## GOLDEN ROWAN

SHE lived where the mountains go down to the sea,  
And river and tide confer.

Golden Rowan, in Menalowan,  
Was the name they gave to her.

She had the soul no circumstance  
Can hurry or defer.

Golden Rowan, of Menalowan,  
How time stood still for her !

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

Her playmates for their lovers grew,  
But that shy wanderer,  
Golden Rowan, of Menalowan,  
Knew love was not for her.

Hers was the love of wilding things;  
To hear a squirrel chir  
In the golden rowan, of Menalowan,  
Was joy enough for her.

She sleeps on the hill with the lonely sun,  
Where in the days that were,  
The golden rowan, of Menalowan,  
So often shadowed her.

### *Golden Rowan*

The scarlet fruit will come to fill,  
The scarlet spring to stir  
The golden rowan, of Menalowan,  
And wake no dream for her.

Only the wind is over her grave,  
For mourner and comforter ;  
And “Golden Rowan, of Menalowan,”  
Is all we know of her.

## THROUGH THE TWILIGHT

THE red vines bar my window way;  
The Autumn sleeps beside his fire,  
For he has sent this fleet-foot day  
A year's march back to bring to me  
One face whose smile is my desire,  
Its light my star.

Surely you will come near and speak,  
This calm of death from the day to sever !  
And so I shall draw down your cheek  
Close to my face—So close !—and know  
God's hand between our hands forever  
Will set no bar.

Low Tide on Grand Pré

Before the dusk falls—even now

I know your step along the gravel,  
And catch your quiet poise of brow,  
And wait so long till you turn the latch !  
Is the way so hard you had to travel ?  
Is the land so far ?

The dark has shut your eyes from mine,

But in this hush of brooding weather  
A gleam on twilight's gathering line  
Has riven the barriers of dream :  
Soul of my soul, we are together  
As the angels are !

## CARNATIONS IN WINTER

YOUR carmine flakes of bloom to-night  
The fire of wintry sunsets hold ;  
Again in dreams you burn to light  
A far Canadian garden old.

The blue north summer over it  
Is bland with long ethereal days ;  
The gleaming martins wheel and flit  
Where breaks your sun down orient ways.

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

There, when the gradual twilight falls,  
Through quietudes of dusk afar,  
Hermit antiphonal hermit calls  
From hills below the first pale star.

Then in your passionate love's foredoom  
Once more your spirit stirs the air,  
And you are lifted through the gloom  
To warm the coils of her dark hair.

## A SEA-DRIFT

As the seaweed swims the sea  
In the ruin after storm,  
Sunburnt memories of thee  
Through the twilight float and form.

And desire, when thou art gone,  
Roves his desolate domain,  
As the meadow-birds at dawn  
Haunt the spaces of the rain.

## A NORTHERN VIGIL

HERE by the gray north sea,  
In the wintry heart of the wild,  
Comes the old dream of thee,  
Guendolen, mistress and child.

The heart of the forest grieves  
In the drift against my door;  
A voice is under the eaves,  
A footfall on the floor.

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

Threshold, mirror and hall,  
Vacant and strangely aware,  
Wait for their soul's recall  
With the dumb expectant air.

Here when the smouldering west  
Burns down into the sea,  
I take no heed of rest  
And keep the watch for thee.

I sit by the fire and hear  
The restless wind go by,  
On the long dirge and drear,  
Under the low bleak sky.

*A Northern Vigil*

When day puts out to sea  
And night makes in for land,  
There is no lock for thee,  
Each door awaits thy hand !

When night goes over the hill  
And dawn comes down the dale,  
It's O for the wild sweet will  
That shall no more prevail !

When the zenith moon is round,  
And snow-wraiths gather and run,  
And there is set no bound  
To love beneath the sun,

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

O wayward will, come near  
The old mad willful way,  
The soft mouth at my ear  
With words too sweet to say !

Come, for the night is cold,  
The ghostly moonlight fills  
Hollow and rift and fold  
Of the eerie Ardise hills !

The windows of my room  
Are dark with bitter frost,  
The stillness aches with doom  
Of something loved and lost.

## *A Northern Vigil*

Outside, the great blue star  
Burns in the ghostland pale,  
Where giant Algebar  
Holds on the endless trail.

Come, for the years are long,  
And silence keeps the door,  
Where shapes with the shadows throng  
The firelit chamber floor.

Come, for thy kiss was warm,  
With the red embers' glare  
Across thy folding arm  
And dark tumultuous hair !

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

And though thy coming rouse  
The sleep-cry of no bird,  
The keepers of the house  
Shall tremble at thy word.

Come, for the soul is free !  
In all the vast dreamland  
There is no lock for thee,  
Each door awaits thy hand.

Ah, not in dreams at all,  
Fleering, perishing, dim,  
But thy old self, supple and tall,  
Mistress and child of whim !

### *A Northern Vigil*

The proud imperious guise,  
Impetuous and serene,  
The sad mysterious eyes,  
And dignity of mien !

Yea, wilt thou not return,  
When the late hill-winds veer,  
And the bright hill-flowers burn  
With the reviving year ?

When April comes, and the sea  
Sparkles as if it smiled,  
Will they restore to me  
My dark Love, empress and child ?

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

The curtains seem to part;  
A sound is on the stair,  
As if at the last . . . I start;  
Only the wind is there.

Lo, now far on the hills  
The crimson fumes uncurled,  
Where the caldron mantles and spills  
Another dawn on the world !

## THE EAVESDROPPER

IN a still room at hush of dawn,  
My Love and I lay side by side  
And heard the roaming forest wind  
Stir in the paling autumn-tide.

I watched her earth-brown eyes grow glad  
Because the round day was so fair;  
While memories of reluctant night  
Lurked in the blue dusk of her hair.

## *Low Tide on Grand Pré*

Outside, a yellow maple tree,  
Shifting upon the silvery blue  
With tiny multitudinous sound,  
Rustled to let the sunlight through.

The livelong day the elvish leaves  
Danced with their shadows on the floor;  
And the lost children of the wind  
Went straying homeward by our door.

And all the swarthy afternoon  
We watched the great deliberate sun  
Walk through the crimsoned hazy world,  
Counting his hilltops one by one.

### *The Eavesdropper*

Then as the purple twilight came  
And touched the vines along our eaves,  
Another Shadow stood without  
And gloomed the dancing of the leaves.

The silence fell on my Love's lips;  
Her great brown eyes were veiled and sad  
With pondering some maze of dream,  
Though all the splendid year was glad.

Restless and vague as a gray wind  
Her heart had grown, she knew not why.  
But hurrying to the open door,  
Against the verge of western sky

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

I saw retreating on the hills,  
Looming and sinister and black,  
The stealthy figure swift and huge  
Of One who strode and looked not back.

## IN APPLE TIME

THE apple harvest days are here,  
The boding apple harvest days,  
And down the flaming valley ways,  
The foresters of time draw near.

Through leagues of bloom I went with Spring,  
To call you on the slopes of morn,  
Where in imperious song is borne  
The wild heart of the goldenwing.

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

I roamed through alien summer lands,  
I sought your beauty near and far;  
To-day, where russet shadows are,  
I hold your face between my hands.

On runnels dark by slopes of fern,  
The hazy undern sleeps in sun.  
Remembrance and desire, undone,  
From old regret to dreams return.

The apple harvest time is here,  
The tender apple harvest time;  
A sheltering calm, unknown at prime,  
Settles upon the brooding year.

## WANDERER

### I

WANDERER, wanderer, whither away ?

What saith the morning unto thee ?

“Wanderer, wanderer, hither, come hither,  
Into the eld of the East with me !”

Saith the wide wind of the low red morning,

Making in from the gray rough sea.

“Wanderer, come, of the footfall weary,  
And heavy at heart as the sad-heart sea.

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

“ For long ago, when the world was making,  
I walked through Eden with God for guide;  
And since that time in my heart forever  
His calm and wisdom and peace abide.

“ I am thy spirit and thy familiar,  
Child of the teeming earth's unrest!  
Before God's joy upon gloom begot thee,  
I had hungered and searched and ended the quest.

“ I sit by the roadside wells of knowledge;  
I haunt the streams of the springs of thought;  
But because my voice is the voice of silence,  
The heart within thee regardeth not.

## *Wanderer*

“ Yet I await thee, assured, unimpatient,  
Till thy small tumult of striving be past.  
How long, O wanderer, wilt thou a-weary,  
Keep thee afar from my arms at the last ? ”

### II

Wanderer, wanderer, whither away ?  
What saith the high noon unto thee ?  
“ Wanderer, wanderer, hither, turn hither,  
Far to the burning South with me,”

Saith the soft wind on the high June headland,  
Sheering up from the summer sea,  
“ While the implacable warder, Oblivion,  
Sleeps on the marge of a foamless sea !

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

“ Come where the urge of desire availeth,  
And no fear follows the children of men;  
For a handful of dust is the only heirloom  
The morrow bequeaths to its morrow again.

“ Touch and feel how the flesh is perfect  
Beyond the compass of dream to be!  
‘ Bone of my bone,’ said God to Adam;  
‘ Core of my core,’ say I to thee.

“ Look and see how the form is goodly  
Beyond the reach of desire and art!  
For he who fashioned the world so easily  
Laughed in his sleeve as he walked apart.

## *Wanderer*

“ Therefore, O wanderer, cease from desiring;  
    Take the wide province of seaway and sun!  
Here for the infinite quench of thy craving,  
    Infinite yearning and bliss are one.”

### III

Wanderer, wanderer, whither away ?  
    What saith the evening unto thee ?  
“ Wanderer, wanderer, hither, haste hither,  
    Into the glad-heart West with me ! ”

Saith the strong wind of the gold-green twilight,  
    Gathering out of the autumn hills,  
“ I am the word of the world’s first dreamer  
    Who woke when Freedom walked on the hills.

## *Low Tide on Grand Pré*

“ And the secret triumph from daring to doing,  
From musing to marble, I will be,  
Till the last fine fleck of the world is finished,  
And Freedom shall walk alone by the sea.

“ Who is thy heart’s lord, who is thy hero ?  
Bruce or Cæsar or Charlemagne,  
Hannibal, Olaf, Alaric, Roland ?  
Dare as they dared and the deed’s done again !

“ Here where they come of the habit immortal,  
By the open road to the land of the Name,  
Splendor and homage and wealth await thee  
Of builded cities and bruted fame.

## *Wanderer*

“ Let loose the conquering toiler within thee;  
    Know the large rapture of deeds begun!  
The joy of the hand that hews for beauty  
    Is the dearest solace beneath the sun.”

### IV

Wanderer, wanderer, whither away?  
    What saith the midnight unto thee?  
“ Wanderer, wanderer, hither turn home,  
    Back to thy North at last to me!”

Saith the great forest wind and lonely,  
    Out of the stars and the wintry hills.  
“ Weary, bethink thee of rest, and remember  
    Thy waiting auroral Ardise hills!

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

“ Was it not I, when thy mother bore thee  
    In the sweet, solemn April night,  
Took thee safe in my arms to fondle,  
    Filled thy dream with the old delight ?

“ Told thee tales of more marvelous summers  
    Of the far away and the long ago,  
Made thee my own nurse-child forever  
    In the tender dear dark land of the snow ?

“ Have I not rocked thee, have I not lulled thee,  
    Crooned thee in forest, and cradled in foam,  
Then with a smile from the hearthstone of child-  
    hood  
Bade thee farewell when thy heart bade thee  
    roam ?

*Wanderer*

“ Ah, my wide-wanderer, thou blessed vagrant,  
Dear will thy footfall be nearing my door.  
How the glad tears will give vent at thy coming,  
Wayward or sad-heart to wander no more!”

v

Morning and midday I wander, and evening,  
April and harvest and golden fall;  
Seaway or hillward, taut sheet or saddle-bow,  
Only the night wind brings solace at all.

Then when the tide of all being and beauty  
Ebbs to the utmost before the first dawn,  
Comes the still voice of the morrow revealing  
Inscrutable valorous hope—and is gone.

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

Therefore is joy more than sorrow, foreseeing  
    The lust of the mind and the lure of the eye  
And the pride of the hand have their hour of  
    triumph,  
But the dream of the heart will endure by-and-by.

## AFOOT

THERE's a garden in the South  
Where the early violets come,  
Where they strew the floor of April  
With their purple, bloom by bloom.

There the tender peach-trees blow,  
Pink against the red brick wall,  
And the hand of twilight hushes  
The rain-children's least footfall,

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

Till at midnight I can hear  
The dark Mother croon and lean  
Close above me. And her whisper  
Bids the vagabonds convene.

Then the glad and wayward heart  
Dreams a dream it must obey ;  
And the wanderer within me  
Stirs a foot and will not stay.

I would journey far and wide  
Through the provinces of spring,  
Where the gorgeous white azaleas  
Hear the sultry yorlin sing.

*Afoot*

I would wander all the hills  
Where my fellow-vagrants wend,  
Following the trails of shadows  
To the country where they end.

Well I know the gypsy kin,  
Roving foot and restless hand,  
And the eyes in dark elusion  
Dreaming down the summer land.

On the frontier of desire  
I will drink the last regret,  
And then forth beyond the morrow  
Where I may but half forget.

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

So another year shall pass,  
Till some noon the gardener Sun  
Wanders forth to lay his finger  
On the peach-buds one by one.

And the Mother there once more  
Will rewhisper her dark word,  
That my brothers all may wonder,  
Hearing then as once I heard.

There will come the whitethroat's cry,  
That far lonely silver strain,  
Piercing, like a sweet desire,  
The seclusion of the rain.

*Afoot*

And though I be far away,  
When the early violets come  
Smiling at the door with April,  
Say, "The vagabonds are home!"



## WAYFARING

ACROSS the harbor's tangled yards  
We watch the flaring sunset fail ;  
Then the forever questing stars  
File down along the vanished trail,

To no discovered country, where  
They will forgather when the hands  
Of the strong Fates shall take away  
Their burdens and unloose their bands.

## *Wayfaring*

Westward and lone the hill-road gray  
Mounts to the skyline sheer and wan,  
Where many a weary dream puts forth  
To strike the trail where they are gone.

The sleepless guide to that outland  
Is the great Mother of us all,  
Whose molded dust and dew we are  
With the blown flowers by the wall.

Girt with the twilight she is grave,  
The strong companion, wise and free ;  
She leads beyond the dales of time,  
The earldom of the calling sea—

## *Low Tide on Grand Pré*

Beyond these dull green miles of dike,  
And gleaming breakers on the bar—  
To the white kingdom of her lord,  
The nameless Word, whose breath we are.

And all the world is but a scheme  
Of busy children in the street,  
A play they follow and forget  
On summer evenings, pale with heat.

The dusty courtyard flags and walls  
Are like a prison gate of stone,  
To every spirit for whose breath  
The long sweet hill-winds once have blown.

## *Wayfaring*

But waiting in the fields for them  
I see the ancient Mother stand,  
With the old courage of her smile,  
The patience of her sunbrown hand.

They heed her not, until there comes  
A breath of sleep upon their eyes,  
A drift of dust upon their face ;  
Then in the closing dusk they rise,

And turn them to the empty doors ;  
But she within whose hands alone  
The days are gathered up as fruit,  
Doth habit not in brick and stone.

## *Low Tide on Grand Pré*

But where the wild shy things abide,  
Along the woodside and the wheat,  
Is her abiding, deep withdrawn ;  
And there, the footing of her feet.

There is no common fame of her  
Upon the corners, yet some word  
Of her most secret heritage  
Her lovers from her lips have heard.

Her daisies sprang where Chaucer went ;  
Her darkling nightingales with spring  
Possessed the soul of Keats for song ;  
And Shelley heard her skylark sing ;

## *Wayfaring*

With reverent clear uplifted heart  
Wordsworth beheld her daffodils ;  
And he became too great for haste,  
Who watched the warm green Cumner hills.

She gave the apples of her eyes  
For the delight of him who knew,  
With all the wisdom of a child,  
“A bank whereon the wild thyme grew.”

Still the old secret shifts, and waits  
The last interpreter ; it fills  
The autumn song no ear hath heard  
Upon the dreaming Ardise hills.

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

The poplars babble over it  
When waking winds of dawn go by ;  
It fills her rivers like a voice,  
And leads her wanderers till they die.

She knows the morning ways whereon  
The windflowers and the wind confer ;  
Surely there is not any fear  
Upon the farthest trail with her !

And yet, what ails the fir-dark slopes,  
That all night long the whippoorwills  
Cry their insatiable cry  
Across the sleeping Ardise hills ?

## *Wayfaring*

Is it that no fair mortal thing,  
Blown leaf, nor song, nor friend can stray  
Beyond the bourne and bring one word  
Back the irremeable way ?

The noise is hushed within the street ;  
The summer twilight gathers down ;  
The elms are still ; the moonlit spires  
Track their long shadows through the town.

With looming willows and gray dusk  
The open hillward road is pale,  
And the great stars are white and few  
Above the lonely Ardise trail.

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

And with no haste nor any fear,  
We are as children going home  
Along the marshes where the wind  
Sleeps in the cradle of the foam.

## THE END OF THE TRAIL

ONCE more the hunters of the dusk  
Are forth to search the moorlands wide,  
Among the autumn-colored hills,  
And wander by the shifting tide.

All day along the haze-hung verge  
They scour upon a fleeing trace,  
Between the red sun and the sea,  
Where haunts the vision of your face.

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

The plain at Martock lies and drinks  
The long Septembral gaze of blue;  
The royal leisure of the hills  
Hath wayward reveries of you.

Far rovers of the ancient dream  
Have all their will of musing hours:  
Your eyes were gray-deep as the sea,  
Your hands lay open in the flowers !

From mining Rawdon to Pereau,  
For all the gold they delve and share,  
The goblins of the Ardise hills  
Can hoard no treasure like your hair.

### *The End of the Trail*

The swirling tide, the lonely gulls,  
The sweet low wood-winds that rejoice—  
No sound nor echo of the sea  
But hath tradition of your voice.

The crimson leaves, the yellow fruit,  
The basking woodlands mile on mile—  
No gleam in all the russet hills  
But wears the solace of your smile.

A thousand cattle rove and feed  
On the great marshes in the sun,  
And wonder at the restless sea;  
But I am glad the year is done,

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

Because I am a wanderer  
Upon the roads of endless quest,  
Between the hill-wind and the hills,  
Along the margin men call rest.

Because there lies upon my lips  
A whisper of the wind at morn,  
A murmur of the rolling sea  
Cradling the land where I was born;

Because its sleepless tides and storms  
Are in my heart for memory  
And music, and its gray-green hills  
Run white to bear me company;

### *The End of the Trail*

Because in that sad time of year,  
With April twilight on the earth  
And journeying rain upon the sea,  
With the shy windflowers was my birth;

Because I was a tiny boy  
Among the thrushes of the wood,  
And all the rivers in the hills  
Were playmates of my solitude;

Because the holy winter night  
Was for my chamber, deep among  
The dark pine forests by the sea,  
With woven red auroras hung,

## *Low Tide on Grand Pré*

Silent with frost and floored with snow,  
With what dream folk to people it  
And bring their stories from the hills,  
When all the splendid stars were lit;

Therefore I house me not with kin,  
But journey as the sun goes forth,  
By stream and wood and marsh and sea,  
Through dying summers of the North;

Until, some hazy autumn day,  
With yellow evening in the skies  
And rime upon the tawny hills,  
The far blue signal smoke shall rise,

*The End of the Trail*

To tell my scouting foresters  
Have heard the clarions of rest  
Bugling, along the outer sea,  
The end of failure and of quest.

Then all the piping Nixie folk,  
Where lonesome meadow winds are low,  
Through all the valleys in the hills  
Their river reeds shall blow and blow,

To lead me like a joy, as when  
The shining April flowers return,  
Back to a footpath by the sea  
With scarlet hip and ruined fern.

## *Low Tide on Grand Pré*

For I must gain, ere the long night  
    Bury its travelers deep with snow,  
That trail among the Ardise hills  
    Where first I found you years ago.

I shall not fail, for I am strong,  
    And Time is very old, they say,  
And somewhere by the quiet sea  
    Makes no refusal to delay.

There will I get me home, and there  
    Lift up your face in my brown hand,  
With all the rosy rusted hills  
    About the heart of that dear land.

## THE VAGABONDS

" Such as wake on the night and sleep on the day, and haunt customable taverns and alehouses and routs about, and no man wot from whence they came, nor whither they go."—*Old English Statute.*

WE are the vagabonds of time,  
And rove the yellow autumn days,  
When all the roads are gray with rime  
And all the valleys blue with haze.

We came unlooked for as the wind  
Trooping across the April hills,  
When the brown waking earth had dreams  
Of summer in the Wander Kills.

## *Low Tide on Grand Pré*

How far afield we joyed to fare,  
With June in every blade and tree !  
Now with the sea-wind in our hair  
We turn our faces to the sea.

We go unheeded as the stream  
That wanders by the hill-wood side,  
Till the great marshes take his hand  
And lead him to the roving tide.

The roving tide, the sleeping hills,  
These are the borders of that zone  
Where they may fare as fancy wills  
Whom wisdom smiles and calls her own.

### *The Vagabonds*

It is a country of the sun,  
Full of forgotten yesterdays,  
When time takes Summer in his care,  
And fills the distance of her gaze.

It stretches from the open sea  
To the blue mountains and beyond;  
The world is Vagabondia  
To him who is a vagabond.

In the beginning God made man  
Out of the wandering dust, men say;  
And in the end his life shall be  
A wandering wind and blown away.

## *Low Tide on Grand Pré*

We are the vagabonds of time,  
Willing to let the world go by,  
With joy supreme, with heart sublime,  
And valor in the kindling eye.

We have forgotten where we slept,  
And guess not where we sleep to-night,  
Whether among the lonely hills  
In the pale streamers' ghostly light

We shall lie down and hear the frost  
Walk in the dead leaves restlessly,  
Or somewhere on the iron coast  
Learn the oblivion of the sea.

## *The Vagabonds*

It matters not. And yet I dream  
Of dreams fulfilled and rest somewhere  
Before this restless heart is stilled  
And all its fancies blown to air.

Had I my will! . . . The sun burns down  
And something plucks my garment's hem;  
The robins in their faded brown  
Would lure me to the south with them.

'Tis time for vagabonds to make  
The nearest inn. Far on I hear  
The voices of the Northern hills  
Gather the vagrants of the year.

## *Low Tide on Grand Pré*

Brave heart, my soul ! Let longings be !  
We have another day to wend.  
For dark or waylay what care we  
Who have the lords of time to friend ?

And if we tarry or make haste,  
The wayside sleep can hold no fear.  
Shall fate unpoise, or whim perturb,  
The calm-begirt in dawn austere ?

There is a tavern, I have heard,  
Not far, and frugal, kept by One  
Who knows the children of the Word,  
And welcomes each when day is done.

### *The Vagabonds*

Some say the house is lonely set  
In Northern night, and snowdrifts keep  
The silent door; the hearth is cold,  
And all my fellows gone to sleep. . . .

Had I my will ! I hear the sea  
Thunder a welcome on the shore;  
I know where lies the hostelry  
And who should open me the door.

## WHITHER

WHAT shall we do, dearie,  
    Dreaming such dreams ?  
Will they come true, dearie ?  
    Never, it seems.

Leave the wise thrush alone;  
    He knows such things.  
How rich the silences  
    Fall when he sings !

## *Whither*

When shall we come, dearie,  
    Into that land  
Once was our home, dearie,  
    Perfect as planned ?

When the wind calling us,  
    Some summer day,  
Into the long ago  
    Lures us away.

Where shall we go, dearie,  
    Wandering thus?  
Far to and fro, dearie,  
    Life leads for us.

*Low Tide on Grand Pré*

Thou with the morrow's sun  
Hillward and free,  
I to the vast and hoar  
Lone of the sea.

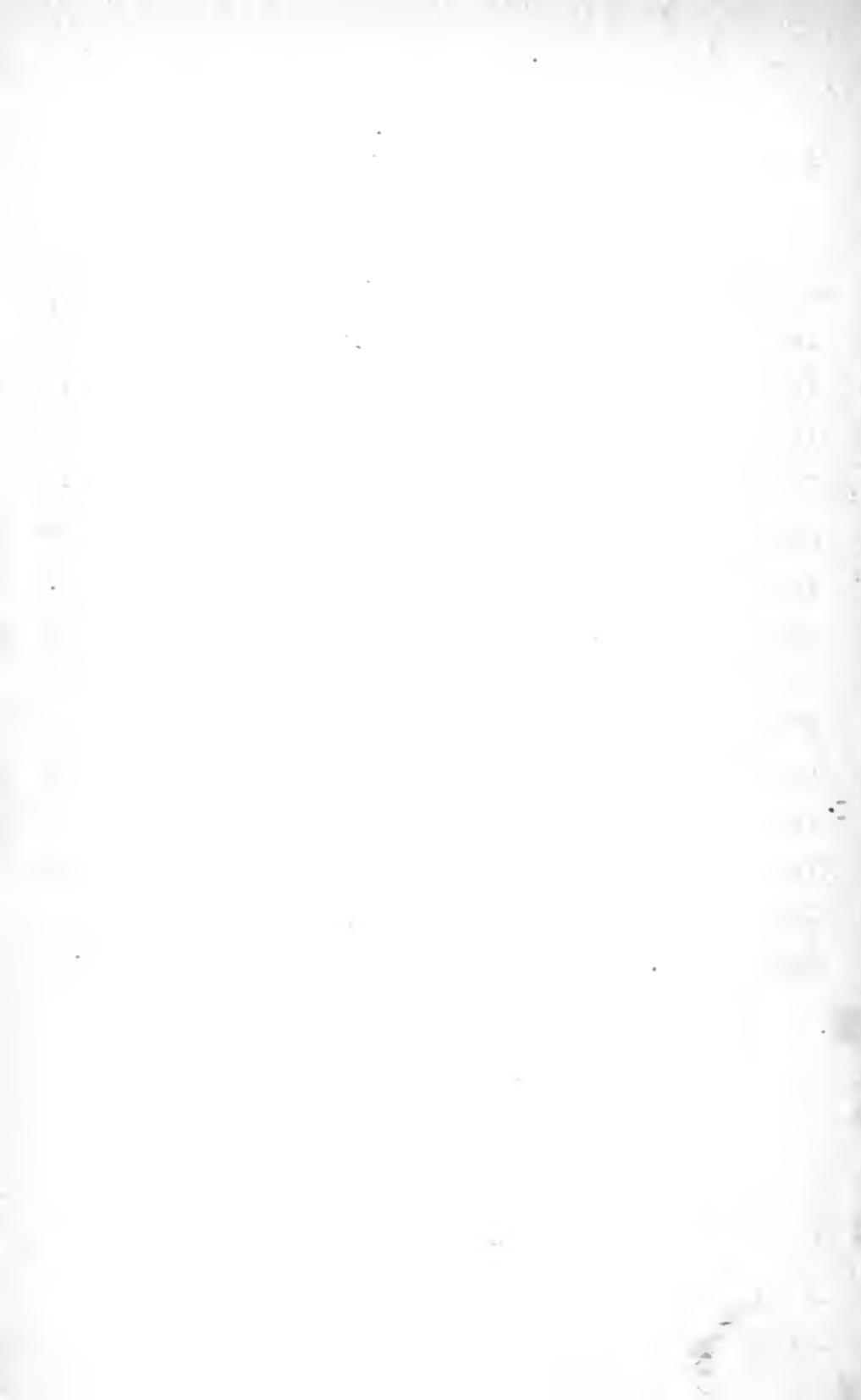
1886-1893.

# Ballads of Lost Haven



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## A SON OF THE SEA

I WAS born for deep-sea faring;  
I was bred to put to sea;  
Stories of my father's daring  
Filled me at my mother's knee.

I was sired among the surges;  
I was cubbed beside the foam;  
All my heart is in its verges,  
And the sea wind is my home.

All my boyhood, from far vernal  
Bourns of being, came to me  
Dream-like, plangent, and eternal  
Memories of the plunging sea.

## THE GRAVEDIGGER

OH, the shambling sea is a sexton old,  
And well his work is done.  
With an equal grave for lord and knave,  
He buries them every one.

Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,  
He makes for the nearest shore;  
And God, who sent him a thousand ship,  
Will send him a thousand more;  
But some he'll save for a bleaching grave,  
And shoulder them in to shore,—  
Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,  
Shoulder them in to shore.

### *The Gravedigger*

Oh, the ships of Greece and the ships of Tyre  
Went out, and where are they?  
In the port they made, they are delayed  
With the ships of yesterday.

He followed the ships of England far,  
As the ships of long ago;  
And the ships of France they led him a dance,  
But he laid them all arow.

Oh, a loafing, idle lubber to him  
Is the sexton of the town;  
For sure and swift, with a guiding lift,  
He shovels the dead men down.

But though he delves so fierce and grim,  
His honest graves are wide,  
As well they know who sleep below  
The dredge of the deepest tide.

### *The Gravedigger*

Oh, he works with a rollicking stave at lip,  
And loud is the chorus skirled;  
With the burly rote of his rumbling throat  
He batters it down the world.

He learned it once in his father's house,  
Where the ballads of old were sung;  
And merry enough is the burden rough,  
But no man knows the tongue.

Oh, fair, they say, was his bride to see,  
And wilful she must have been,  
That she could bide at his gruesome side  
When the first red dawn came in.

And sweet, they say, is her kiss to those  
She greets to his border home;  
And softer than sleep her hand's first sweep  
That beckons, and they come.

### *The Gravedigger*

Oh, crooked is he, but strong enough  
To handle the tallest mast;  
From the royal barque to the slaver dark,  
He buries them all at last.

Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,  
He makes for the nearest shore;  
And God, who sent him a thousand ship,  
Will send him a thousand more;  
But some he'll save for a bleaching grave,  
And shoulder them in to shore,—  
Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,  
Shoulder them in to shore.

## THE YULE GUEST

AND Yanna by the yule log  
Sat in the empty hall,  
And watched the goblin firelight  
Caper upon the wall:

The goblins of the hearthstone,  
Who teach the wind to sing,  
Who dance the frozen yule away  
And usher back the spring;

The goblins of the Northland,  
Who teach the gulls to scream,  
Who dance the autumn into dust,  
The ages into dream.

### *The Yule Guest*

Like the tall corn was Yanna,  
Bending and smooth and fair,—  
His Yanna of the sea-gray eyes  
And harvest-yellow hair.

Child of the low-voiced people  
Who dwell among the hills,  
She had the lonely calm and poise  
Of life that waits and wills.

Only to-night a little  
With grave regard she smiled,  
Remembering the morn she woke  
And ceased to be a child.

Outside, the ghostly rampikes,  
Those armies of the moon,  
Stood while the ranks of stars drew on  
To that more spacious noon,—

## *The Yule Guest*

While over them in silence  
Waved on the dusk afar  
The gold flags of the Northern light  
Streaming with ancient war.

And when below the headland  
The riders of the foam  
Up from the misty border rode  
The wild gray horses home,

And woke the wintry mountains  
With thunder on the shore,  
Out of the night there came a weird  
And cried at Yanna's door.

“O Yanna, Adrianna,  
They buried me away  
In the blue fathoms of the deep,  
Beyond the outer bay.

### *The Yule Guest*

“But in the yule, O Yanna,  
Up from the round dim sea  
And reeling dungeons of the fog,  
I am come back to thee!”

The wind slept in the forest,  
The moon was white and high,  
Only the shifting snow awoke  
To hear the yule guest cry.

“O Yanna, Yanna, Yanna,  
Be quick and let me in!  
For bitter is the trackless way  
And far that I have been!”

Then Yanna by the yule log  
Starts from her dream to hear  
A voice that bids her brooding heart  
Shudder with joy and fear.

### *The Yule Guest*

The wind is up a moment  
And whistles at the eaves,  
And in his troubled iron dream  
The ocean moans and heaves.

She trembles at the door-lock  
That he is come again,  
And frees the wooden bolt for one  
No barrier could detain.

“O Garvin, bonny Garvin,  
So late, so late you come!”  
The yule log crumbles down and throws  
Strange figures on the gloom;

But in the moonlight pouring  
Through the half-open door  
Stands the gray guest of yule and casts  
No shadow on the floor.

### *The Yule Guest*

The change that is upon him  
She knows not in her haste;  
About him her strong arms with glad  
Impetuous tears are laced.

She's led him to the fireside,  
And set the wide oak chair,  
And with her warm hands brushed away  
The sea-rime from his hair.

“O Garvin, I have waited,—  
Have watched the red sun sink,  
And clouds of sail come flocking in  
Over the world's gray brink,

“With stories of encounter  
On plank and mast and spar;  
But never the brave barque I launched  
And waved across the bar.

*The Yule Guest*

“How come you so unsignalled,  
When I have watched so well?  
Where rides the Adrianna  
With my name on boat and bell?”

“O Yanna, golden Yanna,  
The Adrianna lies  
With the sea dredging through her ports,  
The white sand through her eyes.

“And strange unearthly creatures  
Make marvel of her hull,  
Where far below the gulfs of storm  
There is eternal lull.

“O Yanna, Adrianna,  
This midnight I am here,  
Because one night of all my life  
At yule tide of the year,

### *The Yule Guest*

“With the stars white in heaven,  
And peace upon the sea,  
With all my world in your white arms  
You gave yourself to me.

“For that one night, my Yanna,  
Within the dying year,  
Was it not well to love, and now  
Can it be well to fear?”

“O Garvin, there is heartache  
In tales that are half told;  
But ah, thy cheek is pale to-night,  
And thy poor hands are cold!

“Tell me the course, the voyage,  
The ports, and the new stars;  
Did the long rollers make green surf  
On the white reefs and bars?”

## *The Yule Guest*

“O Yanna, Adrianna,  
Though easily I found  
The set of those uncharted tides  
In seas no line could sound,

“And made without a pilot  
The port without a light,  
No log keeps tally of the knots  
That I have sailed to-night.

“It fell about mid-April;  
The Trades were holding free;  
We drove her till the scuppers hissed  
And buried in the lee.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

“O Yanna, Adrianna,  
Loose hands and let me go!  
The night grows red along the East,  
And in the shifting snow

## *The Yule Guest*

“I hear my shipmates calling,  
Sent out to search for me  
In the pale lands beneath the moon  
Along the troubling sea.”

“O Garvin, bonny Garvin,  
What is the booming sound  
Of canvas, and the piping shrill,  
As when a ship comes round?”

“It is the shadow boatswain  
Piping his hands to bend  
The looming sails on giant yards  
Aboard the Nomansfriend.

“She sails for Sunken Harbor  
And ports of yester year;  
The tern are shrilling in the lift,  
The low wind-gates are clear.

### *The Yule Guest*

“O Yanna, Adrianna,  
The little while is done.  
Thou wilt behold the brightening sea  
Freshen before the sun,

“And many a morning reddens  
The dark hill slopes of pine;  
But I must sail hull-down to-night  
Below the gray sea-line.

“I shall not hear the snowbirds  
Their morning litany,  
For when the dawn comes over dale  
I must put out to sea.”

“O Garvin, bonny Garvin,  
To have thee as I will,  
I would that never more on earth  
The dawn came over hill.”

## *The Yule Guest*

\* \* \* \* \*

Then on the snowy pillow,  
Her hair about her face,  
He laid her in the quiet room,  
And wiped away all trace

Of tears from the poor eyelids  
That were so sad for him,  
And soothed her into sleep at last  
As the great stars grew dim.

Tender as April twilight  
He sang, and the song grew  
Vague as the dreams which roam about  
This world of dust and dew:

“O Yanna, Adrianna,  
Dear Love, look forth to sea  
And all year long until the yule,  
Dear Heart, keep watch for me!

*The Yule Guest*

“O Yanna, Adrianna,  
I hear the calling sea,  
And the folk telling tales among  
The hills where I would be.

“O Yanna, Adrianna,  
Over the hills of sea  
The wind calls and the morning comes,  
And I must forth from thee.

“But Yanna, Adrianna,  
Keep watch above the sea;  
And when the weary time is o'er,  
Dear Life, come back to me!”

“O Garvin, bonny Garvin—”  
She murmurs in her dream,  
And smiles a moment in her sleep  
To hear the white gulls scream.

### *The Yule Guest*

Then with the storm foreboding  
Far in the dim gray South,  
He kissed her not upon the cheek  
Nor on the burning mouth,

But once above the forehead  
Before he turned away;  
And ere the morning light stole in,  
That golden lock was gray.

“O Yanna, Adrianna—”  
The wind moans to the sea;  
And down the sluices of the dawn  
A shadow drifts alee.

## THE MARRING OF MALYN

### I

#### THE MERRYMAKERS

AMONG the wintry mountains beside the Northern sea  
There is a merrymaking, as old as old can be.

Over the river reaches, over the wastes of snow,  
Halting at every doorway, the white drifts come and go.

They scour upon the open, and mass along the wood,  
The burliest invaders that ever man withstood.

With swoop and whirl and scurry, these **riders** of the  
drift

### *The Merrymakers*

Will mount and wheel and column, and pass into the lift.

All night upon the marshes you hear their tread go by,  
And all night long the streamers are dancing on the sky.

Their light in Malyn's chamber is pale upon the floor,  
And Malyn of the mountains is theirs for evermore.

She fancies them a people in saffron and in green,  
Dancing for her. For Malyn is only seventeen.

Out there beyond her window, from frosty deep to deep,  
Her heart is dancing with them until she falls asleep.

Then all night long through heaven, with stately to and fro,  
To music of no measure, the gorgeous dancers go.

*The Merrymakers*

The stars are great and splendid, beryl and gold and blue,

And there are dreams for Malyn that never will come true.

Yet for one golden Yule-tide their royal guest is she,  
Among the wintry mountains beside the Northern sea.

## II

### A SAILOR'S WEDDING

THERE is a Norland laddie who sails the round sea-  
rim,

And Malyn of the mountains is all the world to him.  
The Master of the Snowflake, bound upward from the  
line,

He smothers her with canvas along the crumbling  
brine.

He crowds her till she buries and shudders from his  
hand,

For in the angry sunset the watch has sighted land;  
And he will brook no gainsay who goes to meet his  
bride.

## *A Sailor's Wedding*

But their will is the wind's will who traffic on the tide.

Make home, my bonny schooner! The sun goes down to light

The gusty crimson wind-halls against the wedding night.

She gathers up the distance, and grows and veers and swings,

Like any homing swallow with nightfall in her wings.

The wind's white sources glimmer with shining gusts of rain;

And in the Ardise country the spring comes back again.

It is the brooding April, haunted and sad and dear,  
When vanished things return not with the returning year.

## *A Sailor's Wedding*

Only, when evening purples the light in Malyn's dale,  
With sound of brooks and robins, by many a hidden  
trail,

With stir of lulling rivers along the forest floor,  
The dream-folk of the gloaming come back to Malyn's  
door.

The dusk is long and gracious, and far up in the sky  
You hear the chimney-swallows twitter and scurry by.  
The hyacinths are lonesome and white in Malyn's  
room;

And out at sea the Snowflake is driving through the  
gloom.

The whitecaps froth and freshen; in squadrons of  
white surge

They thunder on to ruin, and smoke along the verge.  
The lift is black above them, the sea is mirk below,  
And down the world's wide border they perish as  
they go.

## *A Sailor's Wedding*

They comb and seethe and founder, they mount and  
glimmer and flee,  
Amid the awful sobbing and quailing of the sea.  
They sheet the flying schooner in foam from stem to  
stern,  
Till every yard of canvas is drenched from clew to  
ear'n'.  
And where they move uneasy, chill is the light and  
pale;  
They are the Skipper's daughters, who dance before  
the gale.  
They revel with the Snowflake, and down the close  
of day  
Among the boisterous dancers she holds her dancing  
way;  
And then the dark has kindled the harbor light alee,  
With stars and wind and sea-room upon the gurly  
sea.

### *A Sailor's Wedding*

The storm gets up to windward to heave and clang  
and brawl;

The dancers of the open begin to moan and call.

A lure is in their dancing, a weird is in their song;  
The snow-white Skipper's daughters are stronger than  
the strong.

They love the Norland sailor who dares the rough  
sea play;

Their arms are white and splendid to beckon him away.  
They promise him, for kisses a moment at their lips,  
To make before the morning the port of missing ships,  
Where men put in for shelter, and dreams put forth  
again,

And the great sea-winds follow the journey of the rain.  
A bridal with no morrow, no welling of old tears,  
For him, and no more tidings of the departed years!  
For there of old were fashioned the chambers cool  
and dim,

## *A Sailor's Wedding*

In the eternal silence below the twilight's rim.  
The borders of that country are slumberous and wide;  
And they are well who marry the fondlers of the tide.  
Within their arms immortal, no mortal fear can be;  
But Malyn of the mountains is fairer than the sea.  
And so the scudding Snowflake flies with the wind  
astern,  
And through the boding twilight are blown the shrill-  
ing tern.  
The light is on the headland, the harbor gate is wide;  
But rolling in with ruin the fog is on the tide.  
Fate like a muffled steersman sails with that Norland  
gloom;  
The Snowflake in the offing is neck and neck with  
doom.  
Ha, ha, my saucy cruiser, crowd up your helm and run!  
There'll be a merrymaking to-morrow in the sun.  
A cloud of straining canvas, a roar of breaking foam,

### *A Sailor's Wedding*

The Snowflake and the sea-drift are racing in for home.

Her heart is dancing shoreward, but silently and pale  
The swift relentless phantom is hungering on her trail.  
They scour and fly together, until across the roar  
He signals for a pilot—and Death puts out from shore.  
A moment Malyn's window is gleaming in the lee,  
And then—the ghost of wreckage upon the iron sea.

Ah, Malyn, lay your forehead upon your folded arm,  
And hear the grim marauder shake out the reefs of storm!

Loud laughs the surly Skipper to feel the fog drive in,  
Because a blue-eyed sailor shall wed his kith and kin,  
And the red dawn discover a rover spent for breath  
Among the merrymakers who fondle him to death.  
And all the snowy sisters are dancing wild and grand,  
For him whose broken beauty shall slacken to their hand.

### *A Sailor's Wedding*

They wanton in their triumph, and skirl at Malyn's  
plight;

Lift up their hands in chorus, and thunder to the  
night.

The gulls are driven inland; but on the dancing tide  
The master of the Snowflake is taken to his bride.

And there when daybreak yellows along the far sea-  
plain,

The fresh and buoyant morning comes down the wind  
again.

The world is glad of April, the gulls are wild with glee,  
And Malyn on the headland alone looks out to sea.

Once more that gray Shipmaster smiles, for the night  
is done,

And all his snow-white daughters are dancing in the sun.

### III

#### THE LIGHT ON THE MARSH

THE year grows on to harvest, the tawny lilies burn  
Along the marsh, and hillward the roads are sweet  
with fern.

All day the windless heaven pavilions the sea-blue,  
Then twilight comes and drenches the sultry dells with  
dew.

The lone white star of evening comes out among the  
hills,

And in the darkling forest begin the whip-poor-wills.  
The fireflies that wander, the hawks that flit and scream,  
And all the wilding vagrants of summer dusk and  
dream,

### *The Light on the Marsh*

Have all their will, and reck not of any after thing,  
Inheriting no sorrow and no foreshadowing.  
The wind forgets to whisper, the pines forget to moan,  
And Malyn of the mountains is there among her own.  
Malyn, whom grief nor wonder can trouble nevermore,  
Since that spring night the Snowflake was wrecked  
beside her door,  
And strange her cry went seaward once, and her soul  
thereon  
With the vast lonely sea-winds, a wanderer, was gone.  
But she, that patient beauty which is her body fair,  
Endures on earth still lovely, untenanted of care.  
The folk down at the harbor pity from day to day;  
With a "God save you, Malyn!" they bid her on her  
way.  
She smiles, poor feckless Malyn, the knowing smile  
of those  
Whom the too sudden vision God sometimes may disclose

### *The Light on the Marsh*

Of his wild, lurid world-wreck, has blinded with its  
sheen.

Then, with a fond insistence, pathetic and serene,  
They pass among their fellows for lost minds none can  
save,

Bent on their single business, and marvel why men rave.  
Now far away a sighing comes from the buried reef,  
As though the sea were mourning above an ancient  
grief.

For once the restless Mother of all the weary lands  
Went down to him in beauty, with trouble in her hands,  
And gave to him forever all memory to keep,  
But to her wayward children oblivion and sleep,  
That no immortal burden might plague one living thing,  
But death should sweetly visit us vagabonds of spring.  
And so his heart forever goes inland with the tide,  
Searching with many voices among the marshes wide.  
Under the quiet starlight, up through the stirring reeds,

### *The Light on the Marsh*

With whispering and lamenting it rises and recedes.  
All night the lapsing rivers croon to their shingly bars  
The wizardries that mingle the sea-wind and the stars.  
And all night long wherever the moving waters gleam,  
The little hills hearken, hearken, the great hills hear  
and dream.

And Malyn keeps the marshes all the sweet summer  
night,

Alone, foot-free, to follow a wandering wisp-light.  
For every day at sundown, at the first beacon's gleam,  
She calls the gulls her brothers and keeps a tryst with  
them.

“O gulls, white gulls, what see you beyond the slop-  
ing blue?

And where away's the Snowflake, she's so long over-  
due?”

Then, as the gloaming settles, the hilltop stars emerge  
And watch that plaintive figure patrol the dark sea verge.

### *The Light on the Marsh*

She follows the marsh fire; her heart laughs and is glad;  
She knows that light to seaward is her own sailor lad!  
What are these tales they tell her of wreckage on the  
shore?

Delay but makes his coming the nearer than before!  
Surely her eyes have sighted his schooner in the lift!  
But the great tide he homes on sets with an outward  
drift.

So will-o'-the-wisp deludes her till dawn, and she  
turns home

In unperturbed assurance, "To-morrow he will come."  
This is the tale of Malyn, whom sudden grief so  
marred.

And still each lovely summer resumes that sweet re-  
gard,—

The old unvexed eternal indifference to pain;  
The sea sings in the marshes, and June comes back  
again.

*The Light on the Marsh*

All night the lapsing rivers lisp in the long dike grass,  
And many memories whisper the sea-winds as they  
    pass;

The tides disturb the silence; but not a hindrance  
    bars

The wash of time, where founder even the galleon  
    stars.

And all night long wherever the moving waters gleam,  
The little hills hearken, hearken, the great hills hear  
    and dream.

## THE NANCY'S PRIDE

ON the long slow heave of a lazy sea,  
To the flap of an idle sail,  
The Nancy's Pride went out on the tide;  
And the skipper stood by the rail.

All down, all down by the sleepy town,  
With the hollyhocks a-row  
In the little poppy gardens,  
The sea had her in tow.

They let her slip by the breathing rip,  
Where the bell is never still,  
And over the sounding harbor bar,  
And under the harbor hill.

### *The Nancy's Pride*

She melted into the dreaming noon,  
Out of the drowsy land,  
In sight of a flag of goldy hair,  
To the kiss of a girlish hand.

For the lass who hailed the lad who sailed,  
Was — who but his April bride?  
And of all the fleet of Grand Latite,  
Her pride was the Nancy's Pride.

So the little vessel faded down  
With her creaking boom a-swing,  
Till a wind from the deep came up with a creep,  
And caught her wing and wing.

She made for the lost horizon line,  
Where the clouds a-castle lay,  
While the boil and seethe of the open sea  
Hung on her frothing way.

### *The Nancy's Pride*

She lifted her hull like a breasting gull  
Where the rolling valleys be,  
And dipped where the shining porpoises  
Put ploughshares through the sea.

A fading sail on the far sea-line,  
About the turn of the tide,  
As she made for the Banks on her maiden cruise,  
Was the last of the Nancy's Pride.

To-day a boy with goldy hair,  
In a garden of Grand Latite,  
From his mother's knee looks out to sea  
For the coming of the fleet.

They all may home on a sleepy tide,  
To the flap of the idle sail;  
But it's never again the Nancy's Pride  
That answers a human hail.

### *The Nancy's Pride*

They all may home on a sleepy tide  
To the sag of an idle sheet;  
But it's never again the Nancy's Pride  
That draws men down the street.

On the Banks to-night a fearsome sight  
The fishermen behold,  
Keeping the ghost watch in the moon  
When the small hours are cold.

When the light wind veers, and the white fog clears,  
They see by the after rail  
An unknown schooner creeping up  
With mildewed spar and sail.

Her crew lean forth by the rotting shrouds,  
With the Judgment in their face;  
And to their mates' "God save you!"  
Have never a word of grace.

*The Nancy's Pride*

Then into the gray they sheer away,  
On the awful polar tide;  
And the sailors know they have seen the wraith  
Of the missing Nancy's Pride.

## ARNOLD, MASTER OF THE SCUD

THERE'S a schooner out from Kingsport,  
Through the morning's dazzle-gleam,  
Snoring down the Bay of Fundy  
With a norther on her beam.

How the tough wind springs to wrestle,  
When the tide is on the flood!  
And between them stands young daring —  
Arnold, master of the Scud.

He is only "Martin's youngster,"  
To the Minas coasting fleet,  
"Twelve year old, and full of Satan  
As a nut is full of meat."

*Arnold, Master of the Scud*

With a wake of froth behind him,  
And the gold green waste before,  
Just as though the sea this morning  
Were his boat pond by the door,

Legs a-straddle, grips the tiller  
This young waif of the old sea;  
When the wind comes harder, only  
Laughs "Hurrah!" and holds her free.

Little wonder, as you watch him  
With the dash in his blue eye,  
Long ago his father called him  
"Arnold, Master," on the sly,

While his mother's heart foreboded  
Reckless father makes rash son.  
So to-day the schooner carries  
Just these two whose will is one.

*Arnold, Master of the Scud*

Now the wind grows moody, shifting  
Point by point into the east.

Wing and wing the Scud is flying  
With her scuppers full of yeast.

And the father's older wisdom  
On the sea-line has descried,  
Like a stealthy cloud-bank making  
Up to windward with the tide,

Those tall navies of disaster,  
The pale squadrons of the fog,  
That maraud this gray world border  
Without pilot, chart, or log,

Ranging wanton as marooners  
From Minudie to Manan.

“Heave to, and we'll reef, my master!”  
Cries he; when no will of man

*Arnold, Master of the Scud*

Spills the foresail, but a clumsy  
Wind-flaw with a hand like stone  
Hurls the boom round. In an instant  
Arnold, Master, there alone

Sees a crushed corpse shot to seaward,  
With the gray doom in its face;  
And the climbing foam receives it  
To its everlasting place.

What does Arnold, Master, think you?  
Whimper like a child for dread?  
That's not Arnold. Foulest weather  
Strongest sailors ever bred.

And this slip of taut sea-faring  
Grows a man who throttles fear.  
Let the storm and dark in spite now  
Do their worst with valor here!

*Arnold, Master of the Scud*

Not a reef and not a shiver,  
While the wind jeers in her shrouds,  
And the flauts of foam and sea-fog  
Swarm upon her deck in crowds,

Flies the Scud like a mad racer;  
And with iron in his frown,  
Holding hard by wrath and dreadnought,  
Arnold, Master, rides her down.

Let the taffrail shriek through foam-heads!  
Let the licking seas go glut  
Elsewhere their old hunger, baffled!  
Arnold's making for the Gut.

Cleft sheer down, the sea-wall mountains  
Give that one port on the coast;  
Made, the Basin lies in sunshine!  
Missed, the little Scud is lost!

*Arnold, Master of the Scud*

Come now, fog-horn, let your warning  
Rip the wind to starboard there!  
Suddenly that burly-throated  
Welcome ploughs the cumbered air.

The young master hauls a little,  
Crowds her up and sheets her home,  
Heading for the narrow entry  
Whence the safety signals come.

Then the wind lulls, and an eddy  
Tells of ledges, where away;  
Veers the Scud, sheet free, sun breaking,  
Through the rifts, and — there's the bay!

Like a bird in from the storm-beat,  
As the summer sun goes down,  
Slows the schooner to her moorings  
By the wharf at Digby town.

*Arnold, Master of the Scud*

All the world next morning wondered.  
Largest letters, there it stood,  
"Storm in Fundy. A Boy's Daring.  
Arnold, Master of the Scud."



## THE SHIPS OF ST. JOHN

SMILE, you inland hills and rivers!  
Flush, you mountains in the dawn!  
But my roving heart is seaward  
With the ships of gray St. John.

Fair the land lies, full of August,  
Meadow island, shingly bar,  
Open barns and breezy twilight,  
Peace and the mild evening star.

Gently now this gentlest country  
The old habitude takes on,  
But my wintry heart is outbound  
With the great ships of St. John.

### *The Ships of St. John*

Once in your wide arms you held me,  
Till the man-child was a man,  
Canada, great nurse and mother  
Of the young sea-roving clan.

Always your bright face above me  
Through the dreams of boyhood shone;  
Now far alien countries call me  
With the ships of gray St. John.

Swing, you tides, up out of Fundy!  
Blow, you white fogs, in from sea!  
I was born to be your fellow;  
You were bred to pilot me.

At the touch of your strong fingers,  
Doubt, the derelict, is gone;  
Sane and glad I clear the headland  
With the white ships of St. John.

### *The Ships of St. John*

Loyalists, my fathers, builded  
This gray port of the gray sea,  
When the duty to ideals  
Could not let well-being be.

When the breadth of scarlet bunting  
Puts the wreath of maple on,  
I must cheer too,—slip my moorings  
With the ships of gray St. John.

Peerless-hearted port of heroes,  
Be a word to lift the world,  
Till the many see the signal  
Of the few once more unfurled.

Past the lighthouse, past the nunbuoy,  
Past the crimson rising sun,  
There are dreams go down the harbor  
With the tall ships of St. John.

*The Ships of St. John*

In the morning I am with them  
As they clear the island bar,—  
Fade, till speck by speck the midday  
Has forgotten where they are.

But I sight a vaster sea-line,  
Wider lee-way, longer run,  
Whose discoverers return not  
With the ships of gray St. John.

## THE KING OF YS

WILD across the Breton country,  
Fabled centuries ago,  
Riding from the black sea border,  
Came the squadrons of the snow.

Piping dread at every latch-hole,  
Moaning death at every sill,  
The white Yule came down in vengeance  
Upon Ys, and had its will.

Walled and dreamy stood the city,  
Wide and dazzling shone the sea,  
When the gods set hand to smother  
Ys, the pride of Brittany.

### *The King of Ys*

Morning drenched her towers in purple;  
Light of heart were king and fool;  
Fair forebode the merrymaking  
Of the seven days of Yule.

Laughed the king, "Once more, my mistress,  
Time and place and joy are one!"  
Bade the balconies with banners  
Match the splendor of the sun;

Eyes of urchins shine with silver,  
And with gold the pavement ring;  
Bade the war-horns sound their bravest  
In *The Mistress of the King*.

Mountebanks and ballad-mongers  
And all strolling traffickers  
Should block up the market corners  
With none other name than hers.

## *The King of Ys*

Laughed the fool, "To-day, my Folly,  
Thou shalt be the king of Ys!"

O wise fool! How long must wisdom  
Under motley hold her peace?

Then the storm came down. The valleys  
Wailea and ciphered to the dune  
Like huge organ pipes; a midnight  
Stalked those gala streets at noon;

And the sea rose, rocked and tilted  
Like a beaker in the hand,  
Till the moon-hung tide broke tether  
And stamped in for land.

All day long with doom portentous,  
Shreds of pennons shrieked and flew  
Over Ys; and black fear shuddered  
On the hearthstone all night through.

### *The King of Ys*

Fear, which freezes up the marrow  
Of the heart, from door to door  
Like a plague went through the city,  
And filled up the devil's score;

Filled her tally of the craven,  
To the sea-wind's dismal note;  
While a panic superstition  
Took the people by the throat.

As with morning still the sea rose  
With vast wreckage on the tide,  
And their pasture rills, grown rivers,  
Thundered in the mountain side,

“Vengeance, vengeance, gods to vengeance!”  
Rose a storm of muttering;  
And the human flood came pouring  
To the palace of the king.

### *The King of Ys*

“Save, O king, before we perish  
In the whirlpools of the sea,  
Ys thy city, us thy people!”  
Growled the king then, “What would ye?”

But his wolf’s eyes talked defiance,  
And his bearded mouth meant scorn.  
“O our king, the gods are angry;  
And no longer to be borne

“Is the shameless face that greets us  
From thy windows, at thy side,  
Smiling infamy. And therefore  
Thou shalt take her up, and ride

“Down with her into the sea’s mouth,  
And there leave her; else we die,  
And thy name goes down to story  
A new word for cruelty.”

### *The King of Ys*

Ah, but she was fair, this woman!  
Warm and flaxen waved her hair;  
Her blue Breton eyes made summer  
In that bleak December air.

There she stood whose burning beauty  
Made the world's high rooftree ring,  
A white poppy tall and wind-blown  
In the garden of the king.

Her throat shook, but not with terror;  
Her eyes swam, but not with fear;  
While her two hands caught and clung to  
The one man they had found dear.

“Lord and lover,”—thus she smiled him  
Her last word,—“it shall be so,  
Only the sea's arms shall hold me,  
When from out thine arms I go.”

### *The King of Ys*

Swore he, "By the gods, my mistress,  
Thou shalt have queen's burial.  
Pearls and amber shall thy tomb be;  
Shot with gold and green thy pall.

"And a million-throated chorus  
Shall take up thy dirge to-night;  
Where thy slumber's starry watch-fires  
Shall a thousand years be bright."

Then they brought the coal-black stallion,  
Chafing on the bit. Astride  
Sprang the young king; shouted, "Way there!"  
Caught the girl up to his side;

And a path through that scared rabble  
Rode in pageant to the sea.  
And the coal-black mane was mingled  
With gold hair against his knee.

### *The King of Ys*

Sure as the wild gulls make seaward,  
From the west gate to the beach  
Rode these two for whom now freedom  
Landward lay beyond their reach.

And the great horse, scenting peril,  
Snorted at the flying spume,  
Flicked with courage, as how often,  
When the tides were racing doom,

Ridden, he had plunged to rescue  
From that seething icy hell  
Some poor sailor wrecked a-fishing  
On the coast. What fears should quell

That high spirit? Knee to shoulder,  
King and stallion reared and sprang  
Clear above the long white combers  
And that turmoil's iron clang.

### *The King of Ys*

What a launching! For a moment,  
While the tempest held its breath  
And a thousand eyes looked wonder,  
Swimming in that trough of death,

Steering seaward through the welter,  
Ere they settled out of sight,  
Waved above them one gold streamer.  
Valor, bid the world good-night! . . .

Not a trace, while the long summers  
Warm the heart of Brittany,  
Save one stone of Ys, as remnant,  
For a white mark in the sea.

## THE KELPIE RIDERS

### I

BURIED alive in calm Rochelle,  
Six in a row by a crystal well,

All Summer long on Bareau Fen  
Slumber and sleep the Kelpie men;

By the side of each to cheer his ghost,  
A flagon of foam with a crumpet of frost.

Hear me, friends, for the years are fleet;  
Soon I leave the noise and the street

### *The Kelpie Riders*

For the silent uncompanioned way  
Where the inn is cold and the night is gray.

But noon is warm and the world is still  
Where the Kelpie riders have their will.

For never a wind dare stir or stray  
Over those marshes salt and gray;

No bit of shade as big as your hand  
To traverse or trammel the sleeping land,

Save where a dozen poplars fleck  
The long gray grass and the well's blue beck.

Yet you mark their leaves are blanched and sear,  
Whispering daft at a nameless fear.

While round the bole of one is a rune,  
Black in the wash of the bleaching noon.

## *The Kelpie Riders*

“Ride, for the wind is awake and away.  
Sleep, for the harvest grain is gray.”

No word more. And many a mile,  
A ghostly bivouac rank and file,

They sleep to-day on the marshes wide;  
Some far night they will wake and ride.

Once they were riders hot with speed,  
“Kelpie, Kelpie, gallop at need!”

With hills of the barren sea to roam,  
Housing their horses on the foam.

But earth is cool and the hush is long  
Beneath the lull of the slumber song

The crickets falter and strive to tell  
To the dragon-fly of the crystal well;

### *The Kelpie Riders*

And love is a forgotten jest,  
Where the Kelpie riders take their rest,

And blossoming grasses hour by hour  
Burn in the bud and freeze in the flower.

But never again shall their roving be  
On the shifting hills of the tumbling sea,

With the salt, and the rain, and the glad desire  
Strong as the wind and pure as fire.

### II

One doomful night in the April tide  
With riot of brooks on the mountain side,

The goblin maidens of the hills  
Went forth to the revel-call of the rills.

### *The Kelpie Riders*

Many as leaves of the falling year,  
To the swing of a ballad wild and clear

They held the plain and the uplands high;  
And the merry-dancers held the sky.

The Kelpie riders abroad on the sea  
Caught sound of that call of eerie glee,

Over their prairie waste and wan;  
And the goblin maidens tolled them on.

The yellow eyes and the raven hair  
And the tawny arms blown fresh and bare,

Were more than a mortal might behold  
And live with the saints for a crown of gold.

The Kelpie riders were stricken sore;  
They wavered, and wheeled, and rode for the shore.

### *The Kelpie Riders*

“Kelpie, Kelpie, treble your stride!  
Never again on the sea we ride.

“Kelpie, Kelpie, out of the storm;  
On, for the fields of earth are warm!”

Knee to knee they are riding in:  
“Brother, brother, — the goblin kin!”

The meadows rocked as they clomb the scaur;  
The pines re-echo for evermore

The sound of the host of Kelpie men;  
But the windflowers died on Bareau Fen.

Over the marshes all night long  
The stars went round to a riding song:

“Kelpie, Kelpie, carry us through!”  
And the goblin maidens danced thereto.

### *The Kelpie Riders*

Till dawn,—and the revel died with a shout,  
For the ocean riders were wearied out.

They looked, and the grass was warm and soft;  
The dreamy clouds went over aloft;

A gloom of pines on the weather verge  
Had the lulling sound of their own white surge;

A whip-poor-will, far from their din,  
Was saying his litanies therein.

Then voices neither loud nor deep:  
“Tired, so tired; sleep! ah, sleep!

“The stars are calm, and the earth is warm,  
But the sea for an earldom is given to storm.

“Come now, inherit the houses of doom;  
Your fields of the sun shall be harried of gloom.”

### *The Kelpie Riders*

They laid them down; but over long  
They rest,— for the goblin maids are strong.

The sun goes round; and Bareau Fen  
Is a door of earth on the Kelpie men,—

Buried at dawn, asleep, unslain,  
With not a mound on the sunny plain,

Hard by the walls of calm Rochelle,  
Row on row by the crystal well.

And never again they are free to ride  
Through all the years on the tossing tide,

Barred from the breast of the barren foam,  
Where the heart within them is yearning home,—

For one long drench of the surf to quell  
The cursing doom of the goblin spell.

### *The Kelpie Riders*

Only, when bugling snows alight  
To smother the marshes stark and white,

Or a low red moon peers over the rim  
Of a winter twilight crisp and dim,

With a sound of drift on the buried lands,  
The goblin maidens loose their hands;

A wind comes down from the sheer blue North;  
And the Kelpie riders get them forth.

### III

Twice have I been on Bareau Fen,  
But the son of my son is a man since then.

Once as a lad I used to bear  
St. Louis' cross through the chapel square,

## *The Kelpie Riders*

Leading the choristers' surpliced file  
Slow up the dusk Cathedral aisle.

I was the boy of all Rochelle  
The pure old father trusted well.

But one clear night in the winter's heart,  
I wandered out to that place apart.

The shafts of smoke went up to the stars,  
Straight as the Northern Streamer spars,

From the town's white roofs, so still it was.  
The night in her dream let no word pass,

Nor ever a breath that one could feel;  
Only the snow shrieked under my heel.

Yet it seemed when I reached the poplar bole,  
The ghost of a voice was crying, "Skoal!"

## *The Kelpie Riders*

“Rouse thee and drink, for the well is sweet,  
And the crystal snow is good to eat!”

I heeded little, but stooped on my knee,  
And ate of a handful dreamily.

’Twas cool to the mouth and slaking at first,  
But the lure of it was ill for thirst.

The voice cried, “Soul of the mortal span,  
Art thou not of the Kelpie clan?”

“What are you doing there in the ground,  
Kelpie rider, and never a sound

“To roam the night but the ghost of a cry?”  
Ringing and swift there came reply,

“He is asleep where thou art afraid,  
In the tawny arms of a goblin maid!”

### *The Kelpie Riders*

Then I knew the voice was the voice of a girl,  
And I marvelled much (while a little swirl

Of snow leaped up far off on the plain  
Of sparkling dust and died again),

For what do the cloisters know, think ye,  
Of women's ways? They be hard to see.

Again the voice cried, "Kin of my kin,  
The child of the Sun shall win, shall win!"

'Twas an evil weird that so befell;  
Yet I leaned and drank of the bubbling well.

I looked for my face in the crystal spring,  
But the face that flickered there was a thing

To make the nape of your neck grow chill,  
And every vein surge back and thrill

### *The Kelpie Riders*

With a passion for something not their own—  
In a life their life has never known.

For raven hair and eyes like the sun  
Are merry but dour to look upon.

She smiled through her lashes under the wave,  
And my soul went forth her bartered slave.

I swore, "By St. Louis, I'll come to thee,  
Though I ride to my doom in the gulfs of the sea!"

"Thy Kelpie rider shall wake and rue  
His ruined life in the loss of you."

Then I fled in the start of a terror of joy,  
O'er leagues where a legion might deploy;

For the acres of snow were level and hard,  
Every flake like a crystal shard.

## *The Kelpie Riders*

I was the runner of all Rochelle,  
Could run with the hounds on Haric Fell;

And something stark as a gust of the sea  
Had a grip of the whimsy boy in me.

I ran like the drift on the ice low curled  
When the winds of Yule are abroad on the world.

Sudden, the beat of a throbbing sound  
Lost in the core of the blue profound:

“Kelpie, Kelpie, Kelpie, come!”  
Was it my heart?— But my heart was numb.

“Kelpie, Kelpie!” Was it the sea?  
Far on, at the verge of Bareau lea,

I saw like an army, shield and casque,  
The breakers roll in the Roads of Basque.

### *The Kelpie Riders*

“Kelpie, Kelpie!” Was it the wolves?  
In the dusk of pines where night dissolves  
To streamers and stars through the mountain gorge,  
I heard the blast of a giant forge.

Then I knew the wind was awake from the North,  
And the ocean riders were freed and forth.

Time, there is time (now gallop, my heart!)  
Ere the black riders disperse and depart.

The dawn is late, but the dawn comes round,  
And Fleetfoot Jean has the wind of a hound.

The hue and cry of the Kelpie horde  
Was growing and grim on that white seaboard.

It rolled and gathered and died and grew  
Far off to the rear; a smile thereto

### *The Kelpie Riders*

I turned; a fathom behind my ear  
A rider rode with a shadowy leer.

I sickened and sped. He laughed aloud,  
"Wind for a mourner, snow for a shroud!"

On and on, half blown, half blind,  
Shadow and self, and the wind **behind**!

I slackened, he slackened; I fled, he flew;  
In a swirl of snow-drift all night through

I scoured along the gusty fen,  
A quarry for hunting Kelpie men.

But only one could hold at my side:  
"Brother, brother, I love thy stride.

"Wilt thou follow thy whim to win  
My merry maid of the goblin kin?"

### *The Kelpie Riders*

I swerved from my trail, for he haunted my ear  
With his moaning jibe and his shadowy leer.

So by good hap as we sped it fell,  
I fetched a circuit back for the well.

Like a spilth of spume on the crest of the bore  
When the combing tides make in for shore,

That runner ran whose love was a wraith;  
But the rider rode with revenge in his teeth.

Another league, and I touch the goal,—  
The mystic rune on the poplar bole,—

When the dusky eyes and the raven hair  
And the lithe brown arms shall greet me there.

I ran like a harrier on the trace  
In the leash of that ghoul, and the wind gave chase.

### *The Kelpie Riders*

A furlong now; I caught the gleam  
Of the bubbling well with its tiny stream;

An arrowy burst; I cleared the beck;  
And—the Kelpie rider bestrode my neck.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*

Dawn, the still red winter dawn;  
I awoke on the plain; the wind was gone;—

All gracious and good as when God made  
The living creatures, and none was afraid.

I stooped to drink of the wholesome spring  
Under the poplars whispering:

Face to my face in that water clear—  
The Kelpie rider's jabbering leer!

Ah, God! not me: I was never so!  
Sainted Louis, who can know

## *The Kelpie Riders*

The lords of life from the slaves of death?  
What help avail the speeding breath

Of the spirit that knows not self's abode,—  
When the soul is lost that knows not God?

I turned me home by St. Louis' Hall,  
Where the red sun burns on the windows tall.

And I thought the world was strange and wild,  
And God with his altar only a child.

## IV

Again one year in the prime of June,  
I came to the well in the heated noon,

Leaving Rochelle with its red roof tiles  
By the Pottery Gate before St. Giles,—

## *The Kelpie Riders*

There where the flower market is,  
Where every morning up from Duprisse

The flower girls come by the long white lane  
That skirts the edge of Bareau plain;—

To the North, the city wall in the sun,  
To the left, the fen where the eye may run

And have its will of the blazing blue.

The while I loitered the market through,

Halting a moment to converse  
With old Babette who had been my nurse,

There passed through the stalls a woman, bright  
With a kirtle of cinnabar and white

Among the kerseys blue; and I said,  
“Who is it, Babette, with lifted head,

## *The Kelpie Riders*

“And the startled look, possessed and strange,  
Under the paint—secure from change?”

“Ah, 'Sieur Jean, do ye not ken  
Of the eerie folk of Bareau Fen?”

I blenched, and she knew too well I wist  
The fearsome fate of the goblin tryst.

“The street is a cruel home, 'Sieur Jean,  
But a weird uncanny drives her on.

“'Tis a bitter tale for Christian folk,  
How once she dreamed, and how she woke.”

“Ay, ay!” I passed and reached the spring  
Where the poplars kept their whispering,  
  
Hid for an hour in the shade,  
In the rank marsh grass of a tiny glade.

### *The Kelpie Riders*

There crossed the moor from the town afar,  
In kirtle of white and cinnabar,

A wanderer on that plain of tears,  
Bowed with a burden not of the years,

As one that goeth sorrowing  
For many an unforgotten thing.

To the crystal well as the sun drew low  
There came that harridan of woe.

She stooped to drink; I heard her cry:  
“Ah, God, how tired out am I!

“I called him by the dearest name  
A girl may call; I have my shame.

““ Yet death is crueler than life,’  
Once they said, ‘for all the strife.’

### *The Kelpie Riders*

“And so I lived; but the wild will,  
Broken and bitter, drives to ill.

“And now I know, what no one saith,  
That love is crueler than death.

“How I did love him! Is love too high,  
My God, for such lost folk as I?”

Her tears went down to the grass by the well,  
In that passion of grief, and where they fell

Windflowers trembled pale and white.  
A craven I crept away from the sight;

And turned me home to St. Louis' Hall,  
Where the sunflowers burn by the eastern wall.

The vesper frankincense that day  
Rose to the rafters and melted away,

## *The Kelpie Riders*

And was no more than a cloud that stirs  
Among the spires of Norway firs.

And I said, "The holy solitude  
Of the hoary crypt and the wild green wood

"Are one to the God I have never known,  
Whose kingdom has neither bourn nor throne."

## V

Now I am old, and the years delay;  
But I know, I know, there will come a day,—

When April is over the Norland town,  
And the loosened brooks from the hills go down,

When tears have quenched the sorrow of time,—  
Wherein the earth shall rebuild her prime,

### *The Kelpie Riders*

And the houses of dark be overthrown;  
When the goblin maids shall love their own,—

Their arms forever unlaced from their hold  
Of the earls of the sea on that alien wold,—

And the feckless light of their golden eyes  
Shall forget the desire that made them wise;

When the hands of the foam shall beckon and flee,  
And the Kelpie riders ride for the sea;

And the whip-poor-will the whole night long  
Repeat his litanies of song,

Till morning whiten the world again,  
And the flowers revive on Bareau Fen,

Over the acres of calm Rochelle  
Fresh by the stream of the crystal well.

## NOONS OF POPPY

Noons of poppy, noons of poppy,  
Scarlet leagues along the sea;  
Flaxen hair afloat in sunlight,  
Love, come down the world to me!

There's a Captain I must ship with,  
(Heart, that day be far from now!)  
Wears his dark command in silence  
With the sea-frost on his brow.

Noons of poppy, noons of poppy,  
Purple shadows by the sea;  
How should love take thought to wonder  
What the destined port may be?

*Noons of Poppy*

Nay, if love have joy for shipmate  
For a night-watch or a year,  
Dawn will light o'er Lonely Haven,  
Heart to happy heart, as here.

Noons of poppy, noons of poppy,  
Scarlet acres by the sea  
Burning to the blue above them;  
Love, the world is full for me.

## LEGENDS OF LOST HAVEN

THERE are legends of Lost Haven,  
Come, I know not whence, to me,  
When the wind is in the clover,  
When the sun is on the sea.

There are rumors in the pine-tops,  
There are whispers in the grass;  
And the flocking crows at nightfall  
Bring home hints of things that pass

Out upon the broad dike yonder,  
All day long beneath the sun,  
Where the tall ships cloud and settle  
Down the sea-curve, one by one.

## *Legends of Lost Haven*

And the crickets in fine chorus—  
Every slim and tiny reed—  
Strive to chord the broken rhythmus  
Of the world, and half succeed.

There are myriad traditions  
Treasured by the talking rain;  
And with memories the moonlight  
Walks the cold and silent plain.

Where the river tells his hill-tales  
To the lone complaining bar,  
Where the midgets thread their dances  
To the yellow twilight star,

Where the blossom bends to hearken  
To the bee with velvet bands,  
There are chronicles enciphered  
Of the yet uncharted lands.

*Legends of Lost Haven*

All the musical marauders  
Of the berry and the bloom  
Sing the lure of soul's illusion  
Out of darkness, out of doom.

But the sure and great evangel  
Comes when half alone I hear,  
At the rosy door of silence,  
Love, the lord of speech, draw near.

Then for once across the threshold,  
Darkling spirit, thou art free,—  
As thy hope is every ship makes  
Some lost haven of the sea.

## THE SHADOW BOATSWAIN

DON'T you know the sailing orders?  
It is time to put to sea,  
And the stranger in the harbor  
Sends a boat ashore for me.

With the thunder of her canvas  
Coming on the wind again,  
I can hear the Shadow Boatswain  
Piping to his shadow men.

Is it firelight or morning,  
That red flicker on the floor?  
Your good-by was braver, sweetheart,  
When I sailed away before.

### *The Shadow Boatswain*

Think of this last lovely summer!  
Love, what ails the wind to-night?  
What's he saying in the chimney  
Turns your berry cheek so white?

What a morning! How the sunlight  
Sparkles on the outer bay,  
Where the brig lies waiting for me  
To trip anchor and away!

That's the Doomkeel. You may know her  
By her clean run aft; and, then,  
Don't you hear the Shadow Boatswain  
Piping to his shadow men?

Off the freshening sea to windward,  
Is it a white tern I hear  
Shrilling in the gusty weather  
Where the far sea-line is clear?

### *The Shadow Boatswain*

What a morning for departure!  
How your blue eyes melt and shine!  
Will you watch us from the headland  
Till we sink below the line?

I can see the wind already  
Steer the scurf marks of the tide,  
As we slip the wake of being  
Down the sloping world and wide.

I can feel the vasty mountains  
Heave and settle under me,  
And the Doomkeel veer and shudder,  
Crumbling on the hollow sea.

There's a call, as when a white gull  
Cries and beats across the blue;  
That must be the Shadow Boatswain  
Piping to his shadow crew.

### *The Shadow Boatswain*

There's a boding sound, like winter  
When the pines begin to quail;  
That must be the gray wind moaning  
In the belly of the sail.

I can feel the icy fingers  
Creeping in upon my bones;  
There must be a berg to windward  
Somewhere in these border zones.

Stir the fire. . . . I love the sunlight,—  
Always loved my shipmate sun.  
How the sunflowers beckon to me  
From the dooryard one by one!

How the royal lady roses  
Strew this summer world of ours!  
There'll be none in Lonely Haven;  
It is too far north for flowers.

### *The Shadow Boatswain*

There, sweetheart! And I must leave you.  
What should touch my wife with tears?  
There's no danger with the Master;  
He has sailed the sea for years.

With the sea-wolves on her quarter,  
And a white bone in her teeth,  
He will steer the shadow cruiser,  
Dark before and doom beneath,

Down the last expanse, till morning  
Flares above the broken sea,  
And the midnight storm is over,  
And the Isles are close alee.

So some twilight, when your roses  
Are all blown and it is June,  
You will turn your blue eyes seaward  
Through the white dusk of the moon,

*The Shadow Boatswain*

Wondering, as that far sea-cry  
Comes upon the wind again,  
And you hear the Shadow Boatswain  
Piping to his shadow men.

## THE MASTER OF THE ISLES

THERE is rumor in Dark Harbor,  
And the folk are all astir;  
For a stranger in the offing  
Draws them down to gaze at her,

In the gray of early morning,  
Black against the orange streak,  
Making in below the ledges,  
With no colors at her peak.

Something makes their hearts uneasy  
As they watch the long black hull,  
For she brings the storm behind her  
While before her there is lull.

### *The Master of the Isles*

With no pilot and unspoken,  
Where the dancing breakers are,  
Presently she veers and races  
In across the roaring bar,—

Rounds and luffs and comes to anchor,  
While the wharf begins to throng.  
Silence falls upon the women,  
And misgiving stirs the strong.

Then with some obscure foreboding,  
As a gray-haired watcher smiles,  
They perceive the fearless captain  
Is the Master of the Isles.

They recall the bleak December  
Many streaming years ago,  
When the stranger had been sighted  
Driving shoreward with the snow;

### *The Master of the Isles*

When the Master came among them  
With his calm and courtly pride,  
And had sailed away at sundown  
With pale Dora for his bride;

How again he came one summer  
When the herring schools were late,  
And had cleared before the morning  
With old Alec's son for mate.

There was glamour with the Master;  
He had tales of far-off seas;  
But his habit and demeanor  
Were of other lands than these.

He had never made the Harbor  
But there sailed away with him  
Wife or child or friend or lover,  
Leaving eyes to strain and swim,—

### *The Master of the Isles*

Strain and wait for their returning;  
Yet they never had come back;  
For the pale wake of the Master  
Is a wandering, fading track.

Just beyond our utmost fathom  
Is the anchorage we crave,  
But the Master knows the soundings  
By the reach of every wave.

Just beyond the last horizon,  
Vague upon the weather-gleam,  
Loom the Faroff Isles forever,  
The tradition of a dream.

There a white and brooding summer  
Haunts upon the gray sea-plain,  
Where the gray sea-winds are quiet  
At the sources of the rain.

### *The Master of the Isles*

There where all world-weary dreamers  
Get them forth to their release,  
Lie the colonies of the kindred,  
In the provinces of peace.

Thither in the stormy sunset  
Will the Master sail to-night;  
And the village will be silent  
When he drops below the light.

Not a soul on all the hillside  
But will watch her when she clears,  
Dreaming of the Port o' Strangers  
In the roadstead of the years.

“Port o’ Strangers, Port o’ Strangers!”  
“Where away?” “On the weather bow.”  
“Drive her down the closing distance!” . . .  
That’s to-morrow, but not now.

*The Master of the Isles*

What imperial adventure  
Some wide morning it will be,  
Sweeping in to Lonely Haven  
From the chartless round of sea!

How imposing a departure,  
While this little harbor smiles,  
Steering for the outer sea-rim  
With the Master of the Isles!

## THE LAST WATCH

COMRADES, comrades, have me buried  
Like a warrior of the sea,  
With a flag across my breast  
And my sword upon my knee.

Steering out from vanished headlands  
For a harbor on no chart,  
With the winter in the rigging,  
With the ice-wind in my heart,

Down the bournless slopes of sea-room,  
With the long gray wake behind,  
I have sailed my cruiser steady  
With no pilot but the wind.

## *The Last Watch*

Battling with relentless pirates  
From the lower seas of Doom,  
I have kept the colors flying  
Through the roar of drift and gloom.

Scudding where the shadow foemen  
Hang about us grim and stark,  
Broken spars and shredded canvas,  
We are racing for the dark.

Sped and blown abaft the sunset  
Like a shriek the storm has caught;  
But the helm is lashed to windward,  
And the sails are sheeted taut.

Comrades, comrades, have me buried  
Like a warrior of the night.  
I can hear the bell-buoy calling  
Down below the harbor light.



### *The Last Watch*

Steer in shoreward, loose the signal,  
The last watch has been cut short;  
Speak me kindly to the islesmen,  
When we make the foreign port.

We shall make it ere the morning  
Rolls the fog from strait and bluff;  
Where the offing crimsons eastward  
There is anchorage enough.

How I wander in my dreaming!  
Are we northing nearer home,  
Or outbound for fresh adventure  
On the reeling plains of foam?

North I think it is, my comrades,  
Where one heart-beat counts for ten,  
Where the loving hand is loyal,  
And the women's sons are men;

## *The Last Watch*

Where the red auroras tremble  
When the polar night is still,  
Lighting home the worn seafarers  
To their haven in the hill.

Comrades, comrades, have me buried  
Like a warrior of the North.  
Lower me the long-boat, stay me  
In your arms, and bear me forth;

Lay me in the sheets and row me,  
With the tiller in my hand,  
Row me in below the beacon  
Where my sea-dogs used to land.

Has your captain lost his cunning  
After leading you so far?  
Row me your last league, my sea-kings;  
It is safe within the bar.

*The Last Watch*

Shoulder me and house me hillward,  
Where the field-lark makes his bed,  
So the gulls can wheel above me,  
All day long when I am dead;

Where the keening wind can find me  
With the April rain for guide,  
And come crooning her old stories  
Of the kingdoms of the tide.

Comrades, comrades, have me buried  
Like a warrior of the sun;  
I have carried my sealed orders  
Till the last command is done.

Kiss me on the cheek for courage,  
(There is none to greet me home,)  
Then farewell to your old lover  
Of the thunder of the foam;

*The Last Watch*

For the grass is full of slumber  
In the twilight world for me,  
And my tired hands are slackened  
From their toiling on the sea.

## OUTBOUND

A LONELY sail in the vast sea-room,  
I have put out for the port of gloom.

The voyage is far on the trackless tide,  
The watch is long, and the seas are wide.

The headlands blue in the sinking day  
Kiss me a hand on the outward way.

The fading gulls, as they dip and veer,  
Lift me a voice that is good to hear.

The great winds come, and the heaving sea,  
The restless mother, is calling me.

*Outbound*

The cry of her heart is lone and wild,  
Searching the night for her wandered child.

Beautiful, weariless mother of mine,  
In the drift of doom I am here, I am thine.

Beyond the fathom of hope or fear,  
From bourn to bourn of the dusk I steer,

Swept on in the wake of the stars, in the stream  
Of a roving tide, from dream to dream.



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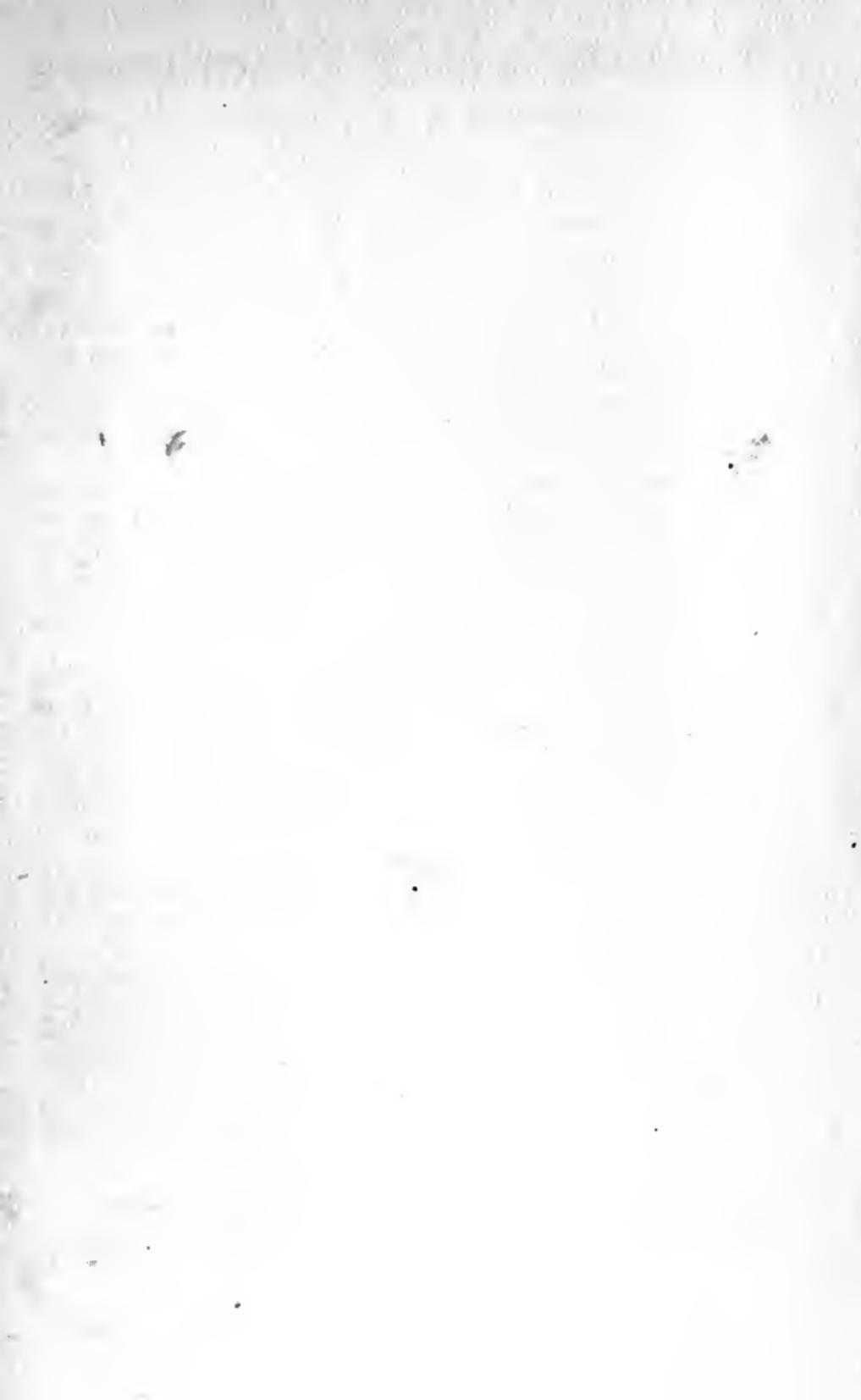
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